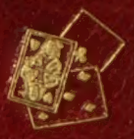

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The Life and Death

OF THE LATE

JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.,

Of Halston, Shropshire, &c.

By "NIMROD."

(Taken from the *New Sporting Magazine* of 1834).

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

Of the late John Mytton, Esq. By "Junglicus."
(From the *Sportsman*).

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, Esq., of HALSTON.
(From the *Sporting Magazine*).

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN MYTTON, Esq., of HALSTON.
(From the *Sporting Magazine*).

SALE OF JOHN MYTTON'S HORSES, &c., &c.

Illustrated by Portraits of John Mytton, "Nimrod," *and Plates by* Alken.

London.
—
1834.

A FEW LINES FROM NIMROD, RESPECTING THE LIFE OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING given notice of a memoir of the late Mr. Mytton, some reason for its delay should be assigned. The fact is, I wished to see what others said of him, feeling assured he would be made the subject of more pens than mine. Of the two short sketches of him that have appeared in the Old Magazine —and I have seen no other—I have nothing further to say, than that the writer of the first could have known little of his man when he made him a posthumous child, as his sister, the late Mrs. Lethbridge, was born two years after him; and his other biographer, Dashwood — whose acquaintance with him was, I believe, very limited—has confined his remarks to an accidental meeting in a London coffee-room, and one day with the staggers. He, however, was for killing two birds with one stone; for he entombed Ralph Benson at the same time, whereas so far from the said "Ralph Benson" being "dead and gone" he is still going and *will go* so long as there is any life left in him. So much for the literary sin of writing on what we know nothing about.

As you say you are booked full, inside and out, for next month, I hope you will make a start with poor John Mytton on the first of October—a melancholy reverse, by the way, of his usual start on that day in the Halston covers. But how true the maxim—"*Nil violentium est perpetuum;*" *'tis the pace that kills!*

Yours, very truly,

NIMROD.

Very truly yours,
Nimrod

The Life and Death of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire;

FORMERLY M. P. FOR SHREWSBURY; HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTIES OF SALOP AND MERIONETH, AND MAJOR IN THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

By Nimrod.

Part I.

"Ubi plura nitent."—Hor.

Bishop Burnet's narrative of the remarkable passages in the life of the very celebrated Earl of Rochester has been greatly valued, not only as an elegant composition, but as a lesson of instruction to all mankind. The latter of these honours, to a certain extent, I may venture to claim as the result of this sketch—at all events such is, in part, its design; and as no subject is so interesting to man, as man, I have a good theme for my pen, inasmuch as there is one present to my mind whose equal, as a private English gentleman, the world never before saw, neither is it, for some reasons, desirable the world should ever again see. My only fear is, that I may be deficient in strength of pencil to draw the picture to the life, and to represent the anomaly in human nature which the character of the late John Mytton presents. At one time, an honour to his nature; at another, a satire on humanity; what more can be done, than to strike the balance with an even hand? and as the brightness of the sun hides its blemishes, let me hope the greater part of his faults will be lost amidst the virtues with which they are mingled. At all events, I am not going to hold up the torch to the failings of my old and never-forsaken friend—*my chief object being to account for them*, and leave his virtues to speak for themselves. I owe him pity on the score of human nature; he claims it by his own acts and deeds; and, above all, by one act of Him to whose will all men must bow, and by whom all men's deeds will be weighed. Let not the lash of censure, then, fall too heavy upon one who himself carried charity to excess! Let the greatness of his fall be unto him as a shield; let it be remembered he died in a prison, an epitome of human misery! A glance over his history, however, may not be unprofitable; it will "point a moral," if it do not "adorn a tale."

But it may be objected that I am not the person fitted to perform this task; for, "where is the man," says Johnson, "who can confine him-

John Mytton, Esq.re

Halston, Salop

self to the exact balance of justice when his own feelings are unwittingly thrown into the scale ?" It is true, my regard for the late Mr. Mytton was won and secured by many sterling acts of kindness and friendship; and it is also true, that friendship is not *always* the sequel of obligation. I am proud to assert I do not come within this exception; and pledging myself to saying nothing that is false, rather than all that is true, I think I can produce these two results:—First, I shall unload the memory of a man I shall never be ashamed to call my friend, of several weighty imputations which now rest upon it unjustly; and secondly, I shall show, that the boldest efforts of the human imagination cannot much exceed the romance of real life.

It may be unnecessary, perhaps, to go beyond *five* centuries back for the pedigree of John Mytton. No one, I believe, ever doubted his being quite thorough-bred. In fact, no half-bred one could have done much more than half what he did in the space of his short life; but, as I said of him before, "*nil violentum, est perpetuum*"—"'tis the pace that kills," and he was no exception to the rule. It having, however, been stated in the newspaper accounts of his decease, that he had represented the ancient borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament, I shall merely show that, if the ancient relation of his family to a town of which their ancestors had been inhabitants and burgesses upwards of five centuries—in addition to their ample estates in its immediate neighbourhood—*still* goes for any thing, who had a better right to the honour than he had? Looking back into the history of Shrewsbury, we find the borough to have been thus represented:—

A. D. 1373 (reign of Edward III.). Reginold de Mutton (Mutton was the original name) and Richard de Pontesbury, members.
1377. Reginold de Mutton and William de Longenolne, members.
1472. Thomas Mutton and John Hord, members.
1491. William Mutton and Lawrence Hosyer, members.
1520. Edmund Cole and Adam Mutton, members.
1529. Adam Mutton and Robert Dudley, members.
1554. Thomas Mytton (now first so called) and Nicholas Purcell, members.
1690. Richard Mytton and Hon. Andrew Newport, members.
1698. Richard Mytton and John Kynaston, members.
1701. Ditto ditto ditto.
1702. Ditto ditto ditto.
1705. Ditto ditto ditto.
1710. Ditto and Edward Cresset, Esq., ditto*.

* This election was the result of a very severe contest. The following was the final state of the poll:—Mytton, 224; Edward Cresset (ancestor of Cresset Pelham, Esq., late M. P. for the county), 222; Thomas Jones (ancestor of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones), 177; Sir Edward Leighton, Bart., 131.

1734. John Mytton, grandfather to the subject of this memoir, stood a severe contest for the Borough, but was defeated by Sir Richard Corbet, Bart., and William Kynaston, Esq.; and the late John Mytton, Esq., was elected member, January 14, 1819, having been opposed by Panton Corbet, Esq., who soon resigned the contest. Numbers—Mytton, 384; Corbet, 287.

In so highly an aristocratic county as Shropshire, and one celebrated for its electioneering contentions, these extracts may be sufficient to exhibit the parliamentary pretensions of this ancient family, and of my late departed friend.

In 1480, Thomas Mytton was high sheriff for Shropshire, and apprehended the Duke of Buckingham, who had rebelled against Richard the Third, and conducted him to Salisbury, where, as his historian relates, he was instantly tried, condemned, and executed according to the summary method practised in those ages. His reward for this very important service is recorded in the Harleian MSS., number 433; in which is an abstract of the Letters Patent, "whereby King Richard the Third grants to his trusty and well beloved Squire, Thomas Mytton, and to his heirs male, the Castle and Lordship of Cawes, and all appurtenances thereto, amounting to the value of fifty pounds, and late belonging to our rebel and traitor, the late Duke of Buckingham." This Thomas Mytton married one of the daughters of Sir John Burgh, and was an immediate ancestor to the subject of this memoir.

As has been shown, the first conspicuous ancestor of this family was Reginold de Mutton, of Weston Lizard, Shropshire, now represented through the Wilbrahams and Newports, by the present Earl of Bradford; and it is in 1549 that we first find it seated at Halston, when Sir Robert Townsend is stated to have rented Mr. Mytton's large mansion at Cotow, he—Mr. Mytton—having removed to his more recent purchase at Halston;—or, as it was then called, *Holy Stone*, much celebrated in history as the scene of bloody deeds in the reign of the first Richard. At this ancient mansion there was a preceptory of Knights Templars, and afterwards of the Knights Hospitallers, under a grant from Queen Elizabeth (who confirmed the alienation of the property from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, to whom it was given by an Earl of Arundel who possessed it after the Norman conquest), when purchased, or rather exchanged for, by Edward Mytton of Habberley. There was also formerly an abbey in the village of Halston, taken down more than a century ago; but there is the church or chapel of Halston now standing on the domain, exempt from Episcopal jurisdiction, and without any other revenue than what the Chaplain is allowed by the owner of it.

Having described ancient, I proceed to modern Halston; and, unless very fastidious indeed, my readers will agree with me in thinking that it ought to satisfy the desires of every moderate man. In the first place,

its location is good. Away from any great road, it is within easy reach of two—the London and Holyhead, and the Shrewsbury and Chester—without being subjected to the inconvenience of either; and the lodge gates open upon an excellent cross turnpike-road, leading from Oswestry to Ellesmere—distant, three miles from the former town and five from the latter. Being situated on a flat, the domain is deprived of some of the advantages which the extremely beautiful country by which it is surrounded affords, but still the *tout ensemble* is good. In the front of the mansion is a lawn of about sixty acres of prettily diversified grass-land, and behind it is a tastily laid-out flower garden, contiguous to a fine tract of meadow land separated from it by a deeply sunken fence; and a noble sheet of water, with the old family chapel at the head of it, gives a good finish to the landscape. When I say that the oak is the weed of that part of our island, I need not add that, in a domain of such antiquity as Halston, it is—I fear I must write *was*—to be seen in its full majesty of form; and no estate in the county could produce finer oaks than those which adorned the Halston woods. I can indeed speak to the fact of one which was cut down, containing ten tons of timber without top or lop! The plantations also, all made by the late Mr. Mytton and to the extent of three miles, nearly encircle the domain, and afford shelter to the superfluity of game which it was his ambition to possess.

The mansion house, without any pretensions to magnificence, is replete with every comfort and convenience for a country gentleman's establishment; and is much more commodious than it appears to be, from the offices being almost all of them detached. It contains a hall in which there was a billiard table, with a library on one side and Mr. Mytton's dressing-room on the other; and an excellent dining and two drawing-rooms, connected with each other by double doors, complete the down-stairs suite. There also *was*—oh, I write that word with sorrow—a small but excellent collection of pictures, which the catalogue of them showed had been collected with great care, as ornaments to these, now naked, walls; and a thousand guineas was offered, in my presence, for one of them, but nobly refused by the owner of it. The gardens are most excellent, and, to complete the sketch of this, to me, sort of earthly paradise, there is in the grounds surrounding the house, not only a rookery, but a heronry—very rare in that part of the world—and every description of shooting and fishing that the follower of such sports could require. The surrounding country is also quite upon a par with the "*provincials*"—if not better than most—for either fox-hounds or harriers.

The property of the late Mr. Mytton has been a good deal exaggerated, both as regards the annual value of his estates and the sum

accumulated in his minority, which was to the extent of seventeen years. I have good reason to believe that the former when he came of age (though it increased afterwards) was under ten thousand a year, and that the latter amounted to about £60,000. Independently of the Halston and Habberly estates, which are in entail, there were three other properties in Shropshire and one in North Wales of about £800 per annum, with a manor and right of free warren, each very rare in the Principality, and the latter very rare every where; but, alas, they are lost in the general wreck. The Welch domain will be described when I touch on the subject of shooting.

Having done with the mansion, we will now proceed to the proprietor of it, who, being born on the 30th of Sept. 1796, was left fatherless before he was two years old; and, as if there was a predisposition in his predecessors to drop into an early grave, neither his great grandfather nor his grandfather lived to see a son come of age. As I can only just remember the father of the late Mr. Mytton, I am unable to say what effect the loss of a father in the infant state had upon him; but in most cases, with heirs to large estates, it is irreparable. It is written of the Gracchi, that they were educated "*non tam in gremio quam in sermone matris**;" and, although it is not every mother that is a Sempronia, their history informs us they were very little the better for it, if not a great deal the worse. We cannot marvel at this. When the plant is young and tender we can train it which way we wish, but ere it has attained its full growth it very unwillingly bends to our hand, and thus is it with human kind. The excessive tenderness of a fond mother is no match for the wayward temper of a darling boy, and how often is his ruin to be traced to this source! In the weakness of her affection she is unable to say no; and she only finds out when it is too late, that the object of her affection will neither bridle his passions nor restrain his actions at her bidding, nor indeed, as was unfortunately the case with the subject of this memoir, at that of any other human being. But was not such always the case? The Lacedæmonian lawgiver, at all events, was of this opinion, when he ordered the two hounds to be brought into court to illustrate his argument in favour of moral restraint. One took after a hare and the other ran to his dinner, as each had been instructed to do. "There," said the Spartan, "is the effect of early discipline; those animals were whelps of the same litter, but the difference of education has made one a good hound, that seldom misses his game, whereas his brother is a cur, fit for nothing but to lick the dishes." Like Tully's fiddler, who thought his soul was harmony, perhaps I, above all men, may

* It is difficult to render this passage literally; but it implies that the Gracchi were not only nursed, but in part educated, by their mother.

be allowed to go to the kennel or stable for a simile, since such men as Lycurgus and Horace have gone thither before me. "*Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister ire viam, quam monstrat eques*"—says the latter, when he shows that the temper of the horse depends on his treatment when a colt.

It is scarcely necessary for me to observe that, before he was ten years old, Master Mytton was as finished a Pickle as the fondest mother and his own will could possibly have made him. Indeed his neighbour, Sir Richard Puleston, with a felicity of expression peculiarly his own, christened him *Mango*, the king of the Pickles, and he proved his title to the honour even to the end of his life. But Master Mytton was withal a wonderful favourite in his neighbourhood, because all his actions were tempered with kindness, as indeed they were to his very last hour. But how am I to describe the whole career of his infant state, his scholastic progress, and his academical honours? Why the task is performed in a few words. He was expelled Westminster* and Harrow; knocked down his private tutor in Berkshire, in whose hands he was afterwards placed; was entered on the books of both universities, but did not matriculate at either, and the only outward and visible sign of his ever intending to do so, was his ordering three pipes of Port wine to be sent addressed to him at Cambridge. At the age of eighteen, however, he went a tour on the Continent by way of something like "the Finish;" and then returned to Halston and his harriers, which he had kept when he was a child.

But we will now look on him as a man! As the proud recollections of the Roman fathers often disturbed the dreams of their sons, it is possible that our hero, although I never heard him speak of him, might cherish the recollection of the renowned General Mytton, and wish to signalize himself as he had done in arms. Be this as it may, at the age of nineteen, he entered, as a Cornet, the 7th Hussars, and joined them in France, with the army of occupation. But as by this time all fighting was at end, Cornet Mytton made himself signal in sundry other ways. A heavy purse and an open hand are by no means necessary qualifications in a soldier; and it was very unlikely that he, above all men, having only a few months to wait for being in full possession of his property, should keep without the magic circle, and not enter into all kinds of mischief. Some of his feats were of a nearly harmless nature, such as his racing exploits—himself the jockey; his borrowing £3,000 of a banker at St. Omer, one day, and losing half of it the next at a rascally E. O. table, which he demolished to atoms as some satisfaction for his loss; but his doings at Calais were of a more serious nature. He lost the immense sum of sixteen thousand Napoleons to a certain Captain, at billiards, which sum he could not then pay. But the score was wiped

* Here he spent £800 a year, exactly double his allowance.

off in a more agreeable manner. It being suspected to have been a cross, which no doubt it was, the Colonel of his regiment, the Marquess of Anglesea, then Earl of Uxbridge, forbad his paying the money, and with any other man but John Mytton, such authority would have been *conclusive*. He, however, afterwards entered into correspondence with his opponent, which led to the publication of pamphlets and placards; but a late transaction, in which that person's conduct has been implicated, proved how right Lord Anglesea was in his decision, and how wrong the victim was in ever holding a communication with his destroyer.

Quitting the army, and in his twenty-third year, he entered, for the first time, into the marriage state, and his wedding was thus announced in the Shrewsbury papers :—

"On the 21st May, 1818, at St. George's Hanover-square, by the Rev. William Douglas, Prebend of Westminster, John Mytton, of Halston, in this county, Esq., to Harriet Emma Jones, eldest daughter of the late Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., of Stanley-hall, in this county, and sister to the present Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart. The bridegroom was attended by the Earl of Uxbridge, the Earl of Denbeigh, Sir W. Williams Wynne, Bart., and Colonel Sir Edward Kerrison, &c. &c. After the ceremony they returned to the house of Lady Jones, in New Norfolk-street, where a most elegant breakfast was provided; and from thence the happy couple immediately left London for the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim. Among the company present were the Duchess of Marlborough and Lady Caroline Churchill, Sir John and Lady Dashwood and Miss Dashwood, Sir Edward and Lady Kerrison, Lord and Lady Say and Sele and Miss Twisleton, General and Mrs. Gascoyne and Miss Gascoyne, the Marquess of Blandford and Lord Charles Churchill, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Leigh, Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Patton Bold and the Misses Bold, and many other persons of distinction."

The issue of this marriage was only one daughter, at present alive, and residing with Mrs. Corbet, of Sundorne-castle, Shropshire (widow of the ever to be revered John Corbet, who so many years hunted Warwickshire). Mrs. Mytton, whose state of health was always delicate, died a few years after her marriage. Mr. Mytton had but one sister, who was married to John Hesketh Lethbridge, Esq., eldest son of Sir Thomas Lethbridge, Bart., in March, 1817, and she ceased to exist in the same month, 1826, leaving two sons and four daughters. She was not only truly elegant in her person, but very highly accomplished, and of a singularly mild and amiable disposition; and those who wish for a confirmation of the eulogium I have passed upon her, may satisfy themselves by referring to the "Gentleman's Magazine," for October, 1826, page 357; where her character is very faithfully sketched in some lines from the pen of a female friend, a neice to the present Bishop of Norwich.

Mytton had a great respect for this amiable sister, but would never take her advice, nor indeed that of any living soul.

In his person, as well as on his mind, the gifts of nature were amply bestowed upon the late Mr. Mytton. In fact, he possessed what are called the animal faculties to a degree seldom witnessed, and had he been commonly temperate in his mode of living, he might, barring accidental death, have attained a very advanced age. The biceps muscle of his arm was larger than that of Jackson's, the celebrated pugilist's, and those of every other part of his body were equally exuberant and powerful. Unfortunately, however, for himself, and often so for his companions, he was, like Cleanthes of old, proud of displaying his strength; but fortunately for mankind he would not, like Cleanthes, be instructed, or he would have been still more formidable with his fists. As it was, he was, what is called, a very awkward customer in a "turn up," and when he could get at him he knocked down his man as if he had been a nine-pin. But he was nearly ignorant of the science of self-defence, and, as I have already observed, never attempted to attain it. His bull-dog courage, however, added to his tremendous blow, enabled him to beat any ordinary man; and so well was his prowess known, that few ventured to encounter him. He had not a handsome face, but by no means an unpleasing countenance, and, without having practised the graces, the air and character of the gentleman were strongly impressed on his carriage. His shoulders were finely formed, with a very expanded chest—height, about five feet nine inches; weight, varying in the last twelve years of his life from eleven to thirteen stone.

Never was a constitution so murdered as Mr. Mytton's was; for, what but one of adamant could have withstood the shocks, independent of wine, to which it was almost daily exposed. His dress alone would have caused the death of nine hundred out of a thousand men, who passed one part of the day and night in a state of luxury and warmth. We will take him from the sole of his shoe to the crown of his hat. He never wore any but the thinnest and finest silk stockings, with very thin boots or shoes, so that in winter he rarely had dry feet. To flannel he was a stranger, since he left off his petticoats. Even his hunting breeches were without lining; he wore one small waistcoat, always open in the front from about the second of the lower buttons; and about home he was as often without his hat as with one. His winter shooting gear was a light jacket, white linen trousers, without lining or *drawers, of which he knew not the use;* and in frost and snow he waded through all water that came in his way. Nor is this all. He would sometimes strip to his shirt to follow wild-fowl in hard weather, and once actually laid himself down on the snow in his shirt only to await their arrival at dusk. But Dame Nature took offence at this, and chastised him rather severely for his daring. On one occasion, however, he out-heroded Herod, for

he followed some ducks "*in puris naturalibus*"—anglice stark-naked —on the ice*, and escaped with perfect impunity. He was the only man I ever knew who I think, at one time of his life, might have stood some chance of performing the grand Osbaldeston match over Newmarket, from the ease with which he performed immense distances on the road. When his hounds hunted the Albrighton country (Staffordshire) he used to ride, several times in the week, to covers nearly fifty miles distant from Halston, and return thither to his dinner. Indeed he has been known to do it for some days successively. Neither could any man I ever met in the field walk through the day with him, *at his pace*. I saw him, on his own moors in Merionethshire, completely knock up two keepers (who accompanied him alternately), being the whole day bare-headed under a hot sun. (One of these keepers—whom I procured for him in Cheshire—was rather a crack walker, and a noted man with his fists.) He had the stomach of an ostrich before it was debilitated by wine, and even against that it stood nearly proof to the last, but it appears he once met with his match. Himself and a friend left London together with eighteen pounds of filbert-nuts in his carriage, and they devoured them all before they arrived at Halston. To use his own words, they sat up to their knees in nut-shells. But it was often alarming to witness the quantity of dry nuts he would eat, with the quantity of port wine which he would drink; and on my once telling him at his own table that the ill-assorted mixture caused the death of a schoolfellow of mine, he carried a dish of filberts into the drawing-room with him, for the purpose of "clearing decks," as he said. Among other peculiarities, he never carried a pocket handkerchief, for he never had occasion for the use of one; he very rarely wore gloves, for his hands were never cold; and although he never wore a watch, he always knew the hour.

That John Mytton saw his thirty-eighth year cannot be attributed to the good genius that accompanied him, but to the signal interposition of Providence, for scarcely a day passed over his head in which he did not put his life to the hazard. Some of his escapes, indeed, border closely on the miraculous, but it would fill a volume where I to enumerate them. How often has he been run away with by horses, in gigs! How often struggling in deep water, without being able to swim! How was it that he did not get torn to pieces in the countless street-broils in which he was engaged†; and lastly, how did he avoid being shot in a duel? The latter question is soon answered—*he never fought one*. In fact, he was

* This occurred at Woodhouse, the seat of his uncle, who related the story to me in London, the circumstance having occurred since I last visited Shropshire.

† In the literal sense of the term, he was once nearly *divided* into two John Myttons, at a race meeting in Lancashire, for which offence—as well as an attempt to rob him—one man was transported. One party of thieves wanted to pull him into a house and the other out of it, so between both he was near being quartered, and nothing but the great strength of his frame saved him.

always considered somewhat of a man of license in society, and although no one doubted his standing fire, if called upon, it is my firm persuasion nothing would have induced him to have aimed at a man to destroy him. In the saddle, too, he ran prodigious risks for his life, not only by riding at apparently impracticable fences, with hounds, but in falling from his horses when intoxicated. For the former of these acts he was for many years so notorious, that it was a common answer to the question—whether a certain sort of fence could be leaped, or whether any man would attempt it?—*that it would do for Mytton.* He once actually galloped at full speed over a rabbit-warren to try whether or not his horse would fall, which of course he did, and rolled over him. This perfect contempt of danger was truly characteristic of himself; but, not content with the possession of it, he endeavoured to impart it to his friends. As he was one day driving one of them in a gig, who expressed a strong regard for his neck, with a hint that he considered it in some danger, Mytton addressed him thus:—"Was you ever much hurt then, by being upset in a gig?" "No, thank God," said his companion, "for I never was upset in one." "What!" replied Mytton—"*never* upset in a gig? What a d—d slow fellow you must have been all your life;" and, running his off wheel up the bank, over they both went, fortunately without either being much injured!

In the hilarity of high animal spirits he performed some feats that were ludicrous, and others that were painful to witness. Amongst the former was his appearance with Lord Derby's stag-hounds, when he was taken for a London tailor. Happening to be in town in the hunting season, he had a desire to see those celebrated hounds, and Tilbury sent out a horse for the purpose. On his arrival at the place of meeting in a cab, which he had driven at an awful rate, he attracted the notice of the throng, to all of whom, save one, he was a stranger. "What a buck he is!" said one. "Who the d—l is he?" said another. "*He is a tailor from London,*" said several, all of which remarks were carefully re-echoed to him by his friend. Mytton said nothing, but the tables were soon turned when Lord Derby's carriage drove up. "What, MYTTON!" exclaimed Lord Stanley, "who would have thought of seeing *you* here"—putting out his hand to welcome him. "Why, to tell you the truth, Stanley," said Mytton, "I have ridden over many a good fellow in my own country, but I never rode over a cockney, and I am come here to-day for that sole purpose."

His treatment of a London Jew money-lender was not amiss. Being wearied by delay, he hired two coal-heavers to knock at his door every second hour throughout the night, until the money was forth coming. But this anecdote furnishes a painful recollection on the subject of money-lending. A few years back he borrowed ten thousand pounds on

an annuity at high interest, and lent nine of it to a friend who has never been seen in Europe since! This, although a type of the man, is no matter for joking; but the following may be looked upon as frolics. He had a parson and a doctor dining with him one evening at Halston, and at a certain hour of the night they mounted their horses to return to their homes. Having a carter's frock and a brace of pistols, loaded with blank cartridges, at hand, Mytton mounted a hack, and by a circuitous route headed and met them on the road, when letting fly both barrels at them, and calling to them to "stand and deliver," declared they never rode half so fast in their lives as they did from that place to Oswestry, with himself at their heels. On another occasion he was told that the late George Underhill, the celebrated Shropshire horse-dealer, was in his house, on his road from Chester fair. Sending for him into his dining room, he made him excessively drunk and put him to bed with two bull-dogs and a bear! He once rode this bear into his drawing-room, in full hunting costume. The animal carried him very quietly for a certain time; but on being pricked by the spur he bit his rider through the calf of his leg, inflicting a severe wound. The mention of this bear reminds me of another amusing anecdote. Having sent one of his stable boys with a hack to meet a friend who was coming by a coach, the latter exclaimed, on riding into the Halston stable-yard, "Ah! *bruin!*"—alluding to the bear. "Oh yes, sir," observed the lad, "we always *brews* twice a week at Halston." What I am now going to relate I know not how to define, for in most people's opinion it rather exceeds a joke. As we were eating some supper one night in the coffee room of the hotel at Chester, during the race week, a gentleman, who was a stranger to us all, was standing with his back to the fire, talking very loudly, having drunk too much wine. "I'll stop him," said Mytton; and getting behind him unperceived, put a red-hot coal into his coat pocket.

It is said of Napoleon, that he wished to banish the word "*impossible*" from the French dictionary. Mytton must have had some such desire; for he once told me, at Halston, that he had a filly in his racing stable which should win the Oaks (she was named in those stakes), and afterwards *she herself should put them into his pocket.* On my ridiculing the idea, he said—"why not?" She will now put both her hind feet into my pockets, and why not her mouth?" I accompanied him to the stable, and to my horror witnessed the latter exhibition. Mytton laid himself down at full length under her belly, with his bare head between her heels, and first taking up one foot and then the other, placed them both in the pockets of his dressing gown. William Dilly, his trainer, witnessed all this as well as myself; but on his attempting to take liberties with a horse called Oswestry, in the next box, who was of a very different temper, his worthy servant thus addressed him.

"You will do that once too often, sir, with *this* horse; and, good tempered as she is, should your Oaks filly become alarmed, she will surely knock out your brains." "Good advice, Mr. Dilly," said I, as I turned away from the awful scene; "but you may spare your breath, John Mytton will be John Mytton; he heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely, and, like Homer's divinities, is always in mischief."

But I must not, as Homer did by his heroes, make mine a savage. And yet how are we to define some of the darings and doings of this extraordinary man! For example, the following description of an evening at Halston is given by me in the Sporting Magazine just ten years back, and, strange enough, to a very day from the present writing. After describing a display of young foxes which were brought into the dinner room for inspection, I thus proceed:—"We were now offered the company of the *bear*, but to a man declined the honour. By way of a finish, however, we had one turn-up between a Spanish bull-dog and an animal called *Blood*—a cross between a Spanish bull-dog and an English mastiff; when our host, thinking that Blood was getting *bloody*, and might kill the other dog, ran at him and pinned him by the nose; and although weighing more than seventy pounds, he raised him from the ground with his teeth, holding him suspended for at least a minute, without the smallest assistance from his hands." Neither is this a solitary instance of his contest with ferocious dogs. Returning from hunting one day, he, with some others, called to lunch at a house called the Bungs, near Whitchurch, where there was a very large and savage dog chained in the yard. "Pray don't go near him, Mr. Mytton," said his owner, "for he will tear you in pieces if you do." This was enough for Mytton; so pulling a silk handkerchief out of the pocket of a friend, and lapping it around his left hand, he advanced with it extended towards the dog, who immediately seized it with his mouth. Reader—I fancy I see you shudder! But don't be alarmed; and when you hear the sequel perhaps you will think—and if it had been in the dog-days I should have thought so too—that the dog might have been the greater sufferer of the two, provided blood had been drawn. Catching him by the back of the neck, however, with his right hand, Mytton instantly pinned the animal by the nose with his teeth; and getting the other hand at liberty, so pummelled his opponent that he had scarcely any life left in him. As might be expected, the dog never afterwards liked the look of his brother bull-dog or even of a red coat, but slunk into his kennel on the approach of either one or the other.

The terms good-natured and good-tempered are very often confounded by being indiscriminately applied to the same person or animal, whereas they admit of no inconsiderable distinction; and we have a striking

instance here. Mytton, by nature, was kind and beneficent to a degree very rarely witnessed. I will not go so far as to say—what Crabbe's son says of him—that "no sympathy was like his," yet, with a pretended insensibility to the common sympathies of our nature, he never saw misery that he did not wish to relieve it. The conflicting elements of his character, or, more properly speaking, some parts of his conduct, may appear to give the lie to this; yet all who knew the man know that I have spoken the truth, and the tears of the multitude that were shed at his grave place it beyond dispute. In his temper he was sudden and violent, and, like Achilles, impatient of restraint; yet his wrath endured but the twinkling of an eye, and in forgiveness of injuries he had no equal within my knowledge of mankind. What a paradox then is here! With all his native goodness of heart, he appeared to wish to make the world believe he cared no more than Dionysius for the gods what the world thought or said of him; and, although his good sense must have convinced him that there is a profligacy of spirit in defying the rules of decorum, he oftentimes acted as if he considered every law, human or divine, of little worth. But, I say again—what a paradox is here! The man who had no "*regard* to his good name," has left a good name behind him that will be remembered and cherished in Shropshire for many, many, years to come—and for deeds that would have done honour to an apostle. When I say that he was charitable to the poor, and gave them two bushels of wheat a week the year round, I give him credit for little more than might be expected from a man of his means, and of a nature generous to prodigality; but I have reason to believe no one knew half the extent of his beneficent acts. 'Tis said of charity, that it admits of no error but excess; and to excess did he often carry it, as I shall presently have occasion to show. In fact, he was as extravagant in his virtues as in his vices—or, I would rather say, in his failings. The perfection of man's moral nature is said to be forgiveness of injuries, but Mytton went a point beyond this. Even that hard injunction of the gospel, *to love an enemy*—the characteristic of a religion not of man but of God; and, as the author of the Adventurer observes, "could have been delivered as a precept only," for society could not exist under its practise—was no paradox with him, as I shall produce several instances to prove.

But to return to his nature. Pythagoras being asked "in what man could resemble the Divinity?" replied—"in beneficence and truth." Here again we have a paradox. The man who sometimes assumed the character of a fiend, and appeared to strive against the native goodness of his heart, answers to that of the Deity; for inasmuch as his beneficence was unquestionable, so was his veracity unimpeachable. Setting aside jesting, in which none dealt more largely,—in fact, he was a sort

of human Silenus—no man could with more safety be spoken after than Mytton could. I am quite certain nothing could have induced him to have uttered a premeditated untruth, for any unworthy purpose; and there was a good humoured and affectionate simplicity about him that rendered him a favourite in his neighbourhood. Again—he was no backbiter. On the contrary, when he heard the "voice of slander rankle on the ear," he always turned the discourse—saying as my Uncle Toby did, when his Corporal was reckoning up all the rascals of his regiment, "we will speak of this another time." In his dealings with the world he was a man of strict honour and probity; and without justifying his extravagance, I may be allowed to say that his chief concern, after the last estates he could sell were disposed of, was not whether he himself might be left destitute, but whether there would be enough to pay his creditors *in full*. As a master he was kindest of the kind, and a liberal and most considerate landlord. Surely then this man must have been either counterfeiting a nature not his own*, or he must have been, to a certain extent and on certain points, a madman! No doubt, he did the one; and no doubt he was the other!

The worst feature in poor Mytton's disposition, and what may be termed the reigning error of his life was, not only that he would not bow to reproof, much less kiss the rod, but he would suffer no man either to counsel or advise him. There was, however, none of the "*obsequium amicos, veritas odium, parit*," that Terence speaks of, about him, for he always received it in good part, being neither flattered nor offended; but he would not take advice even when given to him by his sincerest friends, and with the purest and most disinterested motives. He always considered it an impeachment of his understanding, generally exclaiming to those who offered it—"What the d—l is the use of my having a head on my own shoulders, if I am obliged to make use of your's?" But, unfortunately, at times his ears were deaf to the voice of *reason*, as the following anecdote will show:—Previously to the disposal of the first property that he sold, I happened to be at Halston, and was about to accompany him to Lichfield races, where each had horses to run. Just before we set out, his agent, the late Mr. Longueville Jones, of Oswestry, arrived at the house and wished to speak to me. As nearly as I can recollect, the following were his exact words:—"I have reason to believe you can say as much to Mr. Mytton as any man can; will you

* The following was related to me by the medical gentleman, at Oswestry (now living), who attended the accouchment of the *first* Mrs. Mytton. "Mr. Mytton," said he, "was in the billiard room, when I went to inform him of the birth. *What is it?* he inquired. On my telling him it was a girl, he swore he would have it smothered—but, throwing himself on a sofa, gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears, and his anxiety for the well doing of his lady would have done honour to any man."

have the goodness to tell him you heard me say, that if he will be content to live on £6,000 per annum, for the next six years, he need not sell the fine old Shrewsbury estate, that has been so many years in his family, and at the end of that period he shall not owe a guinea to any man." I fancy I see the form and features of my old friend, with the manner in which he received and replied to the flattering proposition, and many others who knew him as well as I did, will also have the picture in their mind's eye. Lolling back in his carriage, which was going at its usual pace, and picking a hole in his chin, as he was always wont to do when any thing particularly occupied his thoughts, he uttered not a syllable for the space of some minutes; when, suddenly changing his position, as if rousing from a deep reverie, exclaimed, with vehemence—"You may tell Longueville Jones to keep his advice to himself, *for I would not give a d—n to live on six thousand a year.*" Knowing his regard and esteem for that worthy gentleman, it was in vain to urge the subject any further, for there was that in his manner that convinced me he was not to be persuaded on this point by any man,—no, not though one rose from the dead. Hence is his ruin dated.

With a perfect contempt for the splendour of cold-hearted opulence, Mr. Mytton lived very much like a gentleman at Halston, where every thing was in keeping with his fortune and station in life. There was no unnecessary display—two men servants out of livery, and two in livery, being the full complement at the dinner table, nor did he indulge in the luxury of a man cook. Although himself a perfect stranger to the science of economy, his establishment was managed with considerable regularity; and although the consumption of good things in the servant's hall for the number of stable servants was great, it was not Halston that ruined him. It was that "largeness of heart, even as the sand that is on the sea shore," which Solomon possessed, but unaccompanied by his means as well as by his wisdom, which ruined Mr. Mytton; added to a lofty pride which disdained the littleness of prudence, and a sort of destroying spirit that appeared to run a muck at fortune. By a rough computation, and a knowledge of the property he sold, I should set down the sum total expended, at very little less than half a million sterling within the last fifteen years!!

But how would this expenditure be accounted for if something like a schedule of his disbursements were to be called for? The task would be an Herculean one, but Horace would furnish a commentary upon it. Some persons hunt, says he; some race, some drink, some do one thing and some another; but Mytton, in sporting language, was "at all in the ring." His fox-hounds were kept by himself without any subscription, and upon a very extensive scale, with the additional expenses attending hunting two countries. His racing establishment was on a still larger

scale, having often had from fifteen to twenty horses in training at the same time, and seldom less than eight. His average number, indeed, of thorough-bred stock at home and from home, including brood mares and young things, was about thirty-six! His game preserves were likewise a most severe tax upon his income. Will it be credited that he paid one bill of £1,500 to a London game dealer, for pheasants and foxes alone! The formation of three miles of plantation which this game went, in part, to stock, must have cost him an immense sum; as for several years he had as many as fifty able-bodied labourers in his employ.

There is this line somewhere, but I cannot recollect where:

"Dress drains our cellars dry;"

but it was not the case at Halston, and I believe the satire applies to the ladies. It was hard to say, however, which was the better stocked of the two—Mr. Mytton's wardrobe or the Halston cellars. I think I formerly described the "hogsheads of ale, standing like soldiers in close column, and wine enough in wood and bottle for a Roman Emperor," in the latter; and I once counted one hundred and fifty-two pairs of breeches and trousers, with a proportionate accompaniment of coats, waistcoats, &c. in the former! These he would put on his person, just as they came to his hand, or as his wild fancy prompted him, and I have seen him nearly destroy a new coat at once wearing. His shoes and boots, all London make, and very light, were also destroyed in an equally summary manner, in his long walks over the country, through or over every thing that came in his way. It is impossible even to guess at his annual expenses in post-horses; but every post-boy in England lamented the fall of "Squire Mytton," their very best customer. I have reason to believe that the money he has at various times lost (not at play, for there I should say he was borne harmless*) would have purchased a pretty estate. I am afraid to say what was supposed to have been the amount of bank notes that were one night blown out of his carriage on his road from Doncaster races, but I have reason to believe it was several thousand pounds! His account of the affair was this:—He had been counting a large quantity of bank notes on the seat of his carriage—in which he was alone—with all the windows down; and falling asleep, did not awake until the night was far spent—his servant paying the charges on the road. An equinoctial gale having sprung up, carried great part of the notes away on its wings, verifying the proverb of "light come light go." It was always his custom to have a large sum of money in his travelling writing desk, but it was more than usually large at this time, in consequence of his having broken the banks of two well known London Hells on the eve of his departure for Doncaster. Like Democritus, however, Mytton laughed

* He was a very dangerous man with a dice-box in his hand. Wine gave him courage, which always tells at hazard.

at every thing, and always spoke of this as a very good joke. I have seen him, when he has been going a journey, take a lot of bank notes out of his desk, and rolling them into a lump, throw them at his servant's head, as if they had been waste paper; but his chaplain used to say, he always knew what the lump contained, and how far it would carry him—a fact by no means so clear to me. I picked up one of these lumps some years since in the plantations at Halston containing £37, which had been there some days by its appearance; and as he never had pockets in his breeches, such occurrences must have been frequent.

Perhaps there was one *cause* of expense incurred by John Mytton that is not to be traced to any other man; but, as Charles the Fifth profanely boasted that "there was only one God and one Charles," surely there never was but one John Mytton. This said John Mytton would never open letters secured by wafers, unless he were acquainted with the hand-writing. Thus were tradesmen's applications unanswered till their patience became exhausted and law proceedings were in consequence resorted to. But he cared no more for writs than he did for any thing else, as they, of course, were sent to his solicitor, and all he knew of them, in his prosperity, was, that he paid for them. So popular however was he with the lower orders, that I do not think a bailiff in the four surrounding counties would have arrested him, had he been instructed so to do.

It is impossible to separate the sort of *vis comica* that attached itself to the various acts of imprudence of my, otherwise, truly nobly-minded friend; and perhaps the anecdote of the London game-dealer, and his £1,500 bill, is about as amusing as any. On his arrival at Halston, he presented it himself to his debtor; but it appeared from his subsequent conduct that he little thought it would have been paid, *without something like a scrutiny into its merits.* Here, however, was John Mytton, "*sui generis*," again. "Give me a pen and ink," said he, casting his eye over the amount: and, scratching the word, "*Right*, John Mytton," with his usual expedition, over against it, exclaimed, "there, take it to my agent, and get the money." As may be supposed, the joy of this man was excessive, but its out-break was reserved until he saw the agent at Owestry draw a check at sight for the entire sum. It was then no longer to be restrained, and thus did the dealer in dogs, foxes, pheasants, and monkies, *et hoc genus omne*, give vent to the noble feelings of his nature. "Oh, my dear sir," said he, "what can I do for you, in return for all this kindness?" "I have done you no kindness," said the agent; "the only favour you can confer upon me is, never to let me see, or hear of you again." This however did not satisfy the pheasant-merchant, who was anxious, if not to make a display of his gratitude, at all events to propitiate the good will of the agent, and once more addressed him. "Pray, sir," said he, "are you a married gentleman?" On being answered in the affirmative, the nature of the donation was determined

upon. "Then, sir," added he, "*allow me to present your lady with a monkey!*" Well might the man of law have exclaimed —

"Quicquid id est timeo, Danaos et dona ferentes;"

but when he was made acquainted with the nature of the gift, the would-be giver was very soon despatched, and I never heard whether he again made his appearance on a similar errand, at Halston.

The next anecdote that presents itself to my mind arose out of my seeing him get out of his carriage at a cover's side and walk towards his hunter, to mount him. "*There he goes*," said Tom Penn; "*he's a lily, ain't he.* Give him two hundred thousand a year, and I'll bet a hundred he's in debt in foive (five) years." But it is necessary to say who this Tom Penn is, or rather *was*, for he is also in his grave, having broken his neck in hunting. He was pad-groom to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart., much looked up to, and consequently often consulted, for his correct judgment of a hunter, by the help of which, although an excellent servant, he was one of the most impudent fellows that ever wore a livery—or perhaps more properly speaking, what is known in the lower world as "a regular cool hand."

Now a question arises, not unworthy of discussion. Did the late Mr. Mytton really enjoy life amidst all this profusion of expenditure; and was he, in the best of his days in a situation that many poor men would covet? This, I think, admits of a doubt. It is true he had most of the requisites for a man of a noble fortune that Horace granted to his friend Tibullus; but one thing was wanting — the "*artemque fruendi*"—*the art of enjoying it*, to which he, Mytton, was a stranger. Indeed, to a vitiated palate, always calling for fresh gratifications, the wealth of Crœsus could not be sure of procuring that one thing wanting; but there was something about my friend that gave one the idea that, to him it was peculiarly denied. There was that about him which resembled the restlessness of the hyena; and whether in the pursuit of his pastimes, or the gratifications of his passions, there was an unsteadiness throughout which evidently showed, that, beyond the excitement of the passing moment, nothing afforded him sterling pleasure. All those who watched his actions might perceive, that his object was to have a taste of every thing that was alluring and delicious; and, like the bee, to rove from flower to flower, merely culling a little of the sweets of each. Look, for example, at the various sources of amusement Halston afforded, and the small share of calm enjoyment they appeared to afford the owner of them. What elegant dinners have I seen him sit down to at his own table, with no more appetite to partake of them, than an alderman has when he sings "*Non nobis, Domine*"—having an hour or two before been eating fat bacon and drinking strong ale at some tenant's or other farm house on his road home from his field pursuits. Again—if he had a good race-horse

in his stables he would run him off his legs, nearly to his destruction; and he served his favourite hunters in the same manner. All this could have been reconciled with youthful enthusiasm, and Welch blood; but with Mytton it could be only traced to one cause, which grew with his growth, but did not quit him in his manhood, and finally plunged him into the abyss of misery!

Aquat. by F. Dunn.

The Life and Death of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire;

FORMERLY M. P. FOR SHREWSBURY; HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTIES OF SALOP AND MERIONETH, AND MAJOR IN THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

By Nimrod.

Part II.

"Ubi plura nitent."—Hor.

With what extraordinary characters of ancient and modern times would John Mytton stand a comparison. With Nero? Yes; for Nero fiddled whilst Rome was burning, and Mytton would have laughed had he seen Halston in flames. But Nero murdered his mother, and Mytton made a noble provision for his. With Timon of Athens? Yes, as a spendthrift; but the one hated, and the other was kind to, all mankind. With Napoleon Bonaparte? Yes, for his historian says of him—"Extreme agitation was the basis of his existence; motion was his repose; he lived in a hurricane, and fattened on anxiety and care." But one drank coffee seven times a day, and the other drank as many bottles of port wine!! With the poet Byron? Yes, inasmuch as each was at Harrow school, and each fought eight pitched battles during the time he remained there. With Savage—immortalized by his biographer, Johnson? Yes, as far as each had a distinctive mark of genius and originality, which ranks high amongst the qualities of the human mind, and each was very deficient in the *το πρεπον*. But one was chiefly known by his misfortunes and his wit; the other might have set fortune's malice at defiance.

The strongest resemblance I can select, is between the characters of the celebrated Earl of Rochester and the subject of this memoir; although in the points on which they differ, the balance is favourable to the latter. Let us select the most prominent features and see how far they tally, and in what they differ:—

Rochester's person was well shaped, and no man showed more good breeding in society. Ditto John Mytton.

Rochester thought his constitution was so strong, that nothing could hurt it. Ditto John Mytton.

"Rochester," says Bishop Burnet, "had a violent love of pleasure, and a disposition to extravagant mirth; the one involved him in great sensuality; the other led him to many odd adventures and frolics, in which he was often in hazard of his life." Ditto John Mytton.

Rochester was turned loose into the world at a very early age, and so was John Mytton. The one entered the navy, the other the 7th Hussars.

Rochester distinguished himself in an engagement. Mytton was never in one.

Rochester once made himself a mountebank. Mytton was always more or less one.

Rochester was drunk for five years continually. Mytton beat him by seven *.

Rochester "pursued low amours, in mean disguises." Mytton, in *propriâ personâ*, seldom pursued any other.

Rochester slunk away from his friend in a street-row. Mytton rather would have remained to have been pummelled to death.

The Duke of Buckingham left it on record that Rochester refused to fight him. Mytton was never put to that test.

Rochester wrote libels, in which he did not stick to truth. Mytton never said illnatured things, much less published them.

Rochester was eminent for the vigour of his colloquial wit. Mytton was deaf, and therefore could not shine in conversation. He dealt, chiefly, in practical jokes.

Rochester is mentioned by Wood as the best scholar of all the nobility. Mytton might have harangued an Athenian mob, if he had gone steadily through Harrow or Westminster school.

Burnet says, "Rochester played many wild frolics which it is not for his honour that we should remember." Ditto John Mytton.

Burnet "touched as tenderly as occasion would bear" Rochester's faults. Mytton's spiritual adviser never touched them at all.

The good Bishop tells us Dr. Balfour "drew Rochester to read such books as were most likely to bring him back to love learning and study." Mytton's tutor recommended the Racing Calendar and the Stud Book; nevertheless he was well read in the classics, though perhaps not so well as Rochester was. The natural talent of each was excellent; each was generous and kind-hearted; and "*video meliora proboque; deteriora sequor.*" "I see what is better and approve it; but follow what is worse," would have been a suitable motto for both. But Rochester was profane, which Mytton never was.

But I must draw this parallel to a close. Rochester was charitable to the poor and kind to his servants, and so was Mytton—perhaps to a still greater degree.

Rochester made himself mad with drink.—Ditto John Mytton. Was

* I am sorry to say one of his oldest friends, and a regular "pot-companion," made an affidavit—to serve a certain purpose—that he had been drunk for twelve successive years! I think it would have been better that he had had recourse to the "*Non mi recordo.*"

not the best of husbands.—Ditto John Mytton. Trusted to a death-bed repentance.—Ditto John Mytton. Promised to amend his life, if he recovered ftom his severe illness. So did old Nick—at least so the story goes; but John Mytton never promised what he did not *think* he should perform. The one exhausted his life at the age of thirty-three, and the other of thirty-eight; and although both entered the vineyard at nearly the eleventh hour—for sackcloth and ashes suited neither of their tastes —they both died in penitence and prayer.

Mr. Mytton's amours, like Jupiter's, are too numerous for recital, but having been for the most part of the lowest description, they were chiefly injurious only to himself, and had nothing to do with the heart. But there was this peculiarity in them:—I am quite sure Mr. Mytton never attempted the wife of a friend—no, nor even his mistress! Each would have been as safe in his hands as the beautiful captive was in those of Scipio, or the wife and daughters of Darius in the tent of Alexander the Great. Indeed I never heard of his *laying siege* to the virtue of any woman, but if in the market, he was sure to be the best bidder; and I fear I must own, that he once or twice took it by storm. Some of his offers for capitulation, however, were truly ridiculous, though all in character with the man. For example—he once wrote a note to a certain celebrated singer, whom he had only seen for half an hour, at a musical festival, requesting the honour of an interview the next day, and enclosing a cheque at sight on the Oswestry bank for five hundred guineas! The lady—who all the world knows would have been quite satisfied with a ten pound note—having luckily never heard either of John Mytton or the Oswestry bank, returned the note with its valuable contents. This reminds me of the following lines in a poem called "The Passions," a fair specimen of heterogeneous bathos:—

> "Human appetites how strong,
> When love exults on fancy's fairy plains,
> *Or hunger views the mutton at the fire!*"

His popularity, independently of family associations, and recollection of ages long since gone by, the dashing personal character, and extreme and unaffected good humour of the late squire of Halston, together with his fox-hounds, his race-horses, his ale, his wine, and many other things besides, rendered him extremely popular in Shropshire; and if he had but been possessed of a fair share of the *το πρεπον*, so much esteemed by the ancients, and so expressive of that general *exterior* propriety of conduct, in the common intercourse of life, which the world is very unwilling to dispense with, he might have represented the County of Salop in parliament as long as he liked to have done so; it being the general opinion, that almost all the independent freeholders would have supported him. But this is the class of all others who dislike seeing a

gentleman sink in the social scale; and when I was last in Shropshire, I was sorry to find my old friend's popularity was on the wane. His honour and his honesty were still unsullied and pure; his heart was as kind as it ever had been; but the nearly constant state of intoxication in which he was in, was, I could perceive, become somewhat insufferable to his oldest friends. Neither was this the worst. His associating himself with a well-known sporting character, immeasurably inferior to himself in every possible point of view, gave the finishing blow, and who can wonder at it? for it must have been not only repulsive to good taste but extremely mortifying to his friends to see Mr. Mytton of Halston, with all his natural talents and accomplishments to boot, making a bosom friend of a man who had once filled the honourable post of a waterman to a hackney-coach stand! But there are moral as well as fabulous Actæons in this world, who are surely devoured by objects of their own choosing, and here we have an instance of it*. In what way however can we account for a mind that had tasted the learning and elegance of Athens and Rome finding itself at ease in such an unsuitable association? Why only by its being reduced to a state of perfect apathy and imbecility by the repetition of vicious and debilitating indulgences.

There is but one excuse for a man being almost perpetually intoxicated and prostituting the reason of the man to the appetite of the brute; and that is—the attempt to divert grief which he has found it impossible to subdue. As a balm for wounds which can never heal, or under the accumulated pressure of pecuniary difficulties, the bottle will be resorted to so long as the world shall stand, and who can condemn the wretch that tries the experiment? But the subject of this memoir had not such excuses to plead for his excess in drinking, neither will I endeavour to find them for him. It was, however, to him the Circean cup—the bane of his respectability, his health, his happiness, and every thing that was dear to him as a man and as a gentleman; and can this be marvelled at? It is written of Hercules, that he acquired his immense strength by feeding on the marrow of lions, and how powerful must have been the stimulus of the almost unheard-of quantity of from *four* to *six* bottles of port wine *daily*, on that volcanic excitability of mind, which was, not only by nature, Mr. Mytton's, but which had been acted upon, and increased, by a severe affection of the brain, at an early period of life! Thus, then, although I offer no excuse for his drinking, his drinking—for men are tried by wine, as metals are by fire—furnishes excuses for his conduct, inasmuch as his reason was lost in delirium, caused by the fumes of wine, on an already somewhat distempered brain. Many of his

* As might be expected, a bill in chancery is the result of this intimate acquaintance. I have not yet heard the answer.

acts were not the acts of John Mytton but of a man *mad, half by nature, and half by wine*, and I think his best and dearest friends are decidedly of my opinion.

From this account of its Host, it may be imagined that Halston was a scene of general dissipation and riot. By no means. In short, I cannot bring to my recollection a single instance of being one of what may be termed a drunken party, during my frequent visits to the house. But this is accounted for in more ways than one. The host had always the start of his friends, in the first place; and in the next, long sittings were not in accordance with his restless disposition. In the summer he would jump out of the window, and be off. In the winter, he was anxious to get to the billiard table, which was always lighted up after coffee, for the amusement of himself and his friends, and here he was in his element. How then, it may be asked, did he consume that quantity of port wine? Why this question is easily answered. He shaved with a bottle of it on his toilet; he worked steadily at it throughout the day, by a glass or two at a time, and at least a bottle with his luncheon; and the after dinner and *after supper* work—not losing sight of it in the billiard room—completed the Herculean task. No wonder, then, that Alexander the Great has been called "a fool to him," in all his Bacchanalian feats, and he would have been a good playfellow for him at Persepolis; or that—as Cicero said of Piso—"his breath smelt like a vintner's vault." He is, however, a memorable example of the comparatively harmless effects of *very good wine*, which he always had, and just of a proper age—about eight years old—for, assisted by exercise, such as he took, it was many years before it injured him. But alas—it at last lost its charms. Brandy—which he was a stranger to when I was last at Halston—was substituted, and the constitution of John Mytton, *perhaps the hardest ever bestowed upon man*, was not proof against that*.

But away, for a moment, with all recollection of his ill-doings, and let us move onwards towards his good ones—for it is a loss to mankind when *good* actions are forgotten. Be assured then, reader—whoever you may be—that if all the kind, good, and charitable acts which poor drunken, mad, John Mytton performed, were placed in counterpoise to his bad ones, it would be more than *man* dared do to say which side might kick the beam. At all events, like charity, they would weigh heavily on his side; and it is consoling to his friends to reflect, that although great part of that fine property he once possessed has passed away to others, and the too liberal possessor of it is in his grave, *those deeds still remain with*

* It would be absurd to offer apology for these remarks, after the inquest on the body of my departed friend, which went the round of the Newspapers. Besides, my object being to rescue his memory from imputations that lie against it, and, in some cases *not unjustly*, it is in mercy—a dreadful alternative I admit—that I exhibit him to the world as both a drunkard and a madman.

him. It is true, man is naturally a beneficent creature; but be the benefit he confers never so great, the manner of conferring it is the noblest part, and in allusion to my friend, let me illustrate this by one simple fact:—

When Mr. Mytton was at Calais, only a few months before his death, he chanced to be in a silversmith's shop, when a French soldier entered it, with a watch in hand, which he said he wished to dispose of for the benefit of a sick comrade, who wanted some further comforts than a barrack afforded. On the silversmith objecting to the price demanded, Mr. Mytton threw down the money, and took up the watch. "Merciez*, Monsieur," said the soldier, and something else besides, expressive of his grateful feelings. "Take *this* to your comrade *also*," said Mytton, placing the watch in his hand. "Ah Monsieur Anglais!" exclaimed the man—"*Que vous dirai-je*†?"

Mytton replied, "RIEN‡." Remember, reader! this was not in his golden days, when money was as dross; it was one of the last acts of a noble soul, performed out of almost the last of the wreck of a splendid income.

The sentimental Sterne would have made a pathetic story out of this little incident, whereas I shall leave it to speak for itself; but Mytton felt what Sterne only made others feel, neither does the difference between them rest here. The one is said to have whined over a dead ass, and starved a living mother. The other would have laughed at the dead donkey—perhaps have ridden him to death—but settled a handsome annuity on his mother! Such instances, however, are of very ancient date; Aristides practised what Cato only preached.

Another instance of his excessive philanthropy and over-generous all-forgiving temper occurs to me at this moment, which I may here introduce, though perhaps somewhat retrograding in my arrangement.

As I was passing through Shrewsbury, some years back, on my road to Halston, I saw a servant of his in the town, and asked him if he had accompanied his master. "I have left Mr. Mytton, sir," said the man. "How so?" observed I, with surprise, knowing him to have been a favourite servant. He told me that in an evil hour he had been induced to alter a figure in a bill of Mr. Lucas, the Veterinary-surgeon, at Atherstone, who had attended one of his master's horses, and that it having been discovered by the agent, he had been discharged. The morning after I arrived at Halston, I was told there was a person wanted to speak with me in the stable-yard, and there stood *John*, with a very sorrowful countenance. His object was to induce me to intercede for him with his master, and just as I was in the act of discussing the point, Mr. Mytton made his appearance. John protested it was the only instance of his

* Short—for *je vous remerciez*. † What shall I say to you. ‡ *Nothing*.

dishonesty (and indeed the man bore an excellent character, having lived nine years previously with a clergyman in Shropshire); and that he should not have thought of committing it but for a certain ostler on the road, who persuaded him to it; and was about to proceed in the same supplicating tone, when Mytton seized him by the collar, and giving him one of his horse-like kicks, told him to go into the servants' hall, and put on his livery again! John cared nothing for the kick; but on a very strong remonstrance from the agent—who indeed went so far as to say, he should throw up his agency if such conduct were passed over—John was once more drafted from Halston servants' hall.

I conceive no one knew the limits of Mr. Mytton's natural talents. No doubt they were excellent; and if instead of having been prostrated to the excess of wine, and its concomitant dissipation, they had been cultivated and improved to the utmost, they might have enabled him to have cut a figure in the senate or as a scholar. He read with unusual rapidity, and evidently retained what he did read; for his literary acquisitions were surprising, considering the life of tumult he had led. He had always a quotation at hand from a Greek or Latin author, and there was a conscious feeling of ability about him, which he was somewhat wont to display. But, what says the poet?

> "Without a genius learning soars in vain,
> And without learning, genius sinks again;
> Their force united crowns the sprightly reign;"

and here was this union wanting. He also wrote his letters—to use a sporting figure—at the rate of twenty miles in the hour—generally at his dinner table, sending them out by his butler to be sealed, and very often to be directed, for he never had a secret in his life; and the letters he received remained for general inspection. I regret not having one of them to transcribe, but his off-hand addresses to his constituents, during his contest for Shrewsbury, were particularly neat and appropriate, and were sent to the press before the ink with which they were written was dry. How much then is it to be lamented, that a man who had such resources for spending his life in the pleasantest, as well as the most honourable occupations, should have thus abused his mental powers, and subjected himself to misery of any kind beyond that which is common to all, and that repose and retirement, the secret wish of mankind, should by him have been considered valueless, if not irksome.

It is a great accomplishment to be able to tell a story well, but here Mr. Mytton did not succeed. In the first place, his sense of hearing was deficient, a great disadvantage in society. In the next, it was often difficult to determine whether he were in earnest or in jest, so fond was he of acting a part in the comedy of life. Again—he was very epigram-

matic in his discourse, his sentences containing few words, and often leaving his hearers to guess what he really meant. All, however, was in the essence of good humour; and a more inoffensive companion, in the strict acceptation of that term, no man could possibly be. If in the moment of convivial mirth he let slip a word which he feared might wound the feelings of any person, he instantly made reparation, nor would he rest satisfied until it was fully acknowledged and atoned for. It is warmth of heart like this that distinguishes the friend from the companion and assimilates friendship to love. As to his politics, although he once was in Parliament, it would be absurd in me to attempt to decide what they were, for, during all the years I was acquainted with him, I never once heard him give an opinion upon the subject. It always struck me as not one of the maddest of his own acts, but of his friends who encouraged him, to spend ten thousand pounds to obtain a seat in Parliament, in which he is said to have only sat half an hour, and to the duties of which he was by nature and habits utterly unfitted. I have reason, however, to believe—for I never interrogated him—he was what is termed a church and king man—in other words, a tory. With his master-mind, for no one knew the limit to his talent, he might have distinguished himself amongst the ablest senators of his day.

Without appearing to care about it, or ever boasting of his success, Mr. Mytton was the best farmer in his part of the county, occupying between three and four hundred acres of land. Strange to say, at one of the Agricultural meetings, he gained every prize for clean crops of grain, save one, a field of barley, his claim for which was rejected from a cause highly typical of the man. *It was found to contain "wild oats!"* As may be supposed, the report of the Judge was the subject of much merriment to the company. His planting, as I have before observed, was on a still larger scale, his object having been two fold:—First, to replace the fine old timber, which he must have been aware must, one day or other, fall under the axe; and, secondly, to form cover for the game, which, of course, he was resolved should exceed that of any other man in the county, and no doubt it did.

As a sportsman few made themselves more conspicuous than Mr. Mytton did. He was many years a master of fox-hounds, (having kept a pack of harriers from his boyhood,) but his fox-hounds were not of a very high character. In fact to produce perfection in a kennel, requires qualities the very reverse of his—namely, circumspection, perseverance, and patience. The establishment, as might be expected with himself at the head of it, was on a fully competent scale; consisting of two distinct packs of hounds, and from twenty-five to twenty-eight horses. On Mr. Cresset Pelham relinquishing them, in 1817, he commenced hunting the Shropshire and Shiffnal (now called Albrighton) countries, five days a

week ; and continued to do so, with a fair share of sport, until the close of the season 1821 inclusive—making five seasons in all. His huntsman was John Crags (killed by a fall from his horse), and assisted by Edward Bates, son of Sir Richard Puleston's huntsman of that name, and Richard Jones, both very excellent horsemen and good men in their places. Mr. Mytton subsequently purchased another pack of fox-hounds, from Mr. Newman, of Hornchurch, Essex, which he hunted himself, about Halston, for several successive years, making up, by foxes purchased in London, for the confined country to which he was restricted.

As a horseman I need say little of Mr. Mytton, his merits having been proclaimed in every country in which he had hunted. In fact, taking him at every thing, he had not many equals and very few superiors. His prodigious strength was of great service to his horses, in proof of which they very seldom tired with him ; and, making allowance for the seemingly impracticable fences he would ride at, he got but few falls. Considering his hard usage of them also, he was fortunate in his stud, several of his horses lasting many seasons ; and his famous little one-eyed horse, Baronet, carried him nine seasons with hounds, after he had used him as a charger in the Hussars ! Myself and several more of his friends saw him ride him over nine yards of water, in cold blood—that is, on his return from hunting.

Nothing need be better than the shooting at Halston was—every species of game having abounded, as the following facts will prove. The average *annual* slaughter was—twelve hundred brace of pheasants ; from fifteen hundred to two thousand hares ; partridges out of number ! There was also a good deal of wild fowl, and very excellent fishing. Mr. Mytton always made a point of killing fifty brace of partridges the first day, *with his own gun ;* and I was once at Halston when he killed that number further on in the season. A neighbouring gentleman had betted him fifty guineas against the performance ; but paid forfeit over night. This, however, did not satisfy the Squire. His fame as a shot was called in question, so he went forth with his keepers and performed the task in about six hours !

Barring Scotland, few gentlemen had better moors than Mr. Mytton had ; and when I say that the annual income of his Merionethshire estate, where they were situated, was £800, and that it consisted of little less than sheep walk, its great extent may be imagined. Thirty brace of grouse, each day, was the average amount bagged during his stay at Mowddy,—or *Mouthy*, as it is pronounced—where he had comfortable accommodations for himself and three or four friends. The right of Free Warren likewise gave him liberty over his neighbours' property, to a certain extent, and Mowddy itself is one of the few manors to be found in North Wales. The fishing here is likewise of the first

description, and the mountain scenery not to be surpassed in the Principality. But, alas! although the mountains will stand fast till time shall be no more, this ancient patrimony has passed into other hands. It is to be hoped, however, that one day or another it may be redeemed.

But to return for a moment to Halston, and the feats of the trigger of the late owner of it and his friends. Amongst them, the two following may not very easily be exceeded. His brother-in-law, Mr. Walter Giffard, of Chillington, Staffordshire, now master of the Albrighton foxhounds, and himself, took the field at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of a short and dirty winter's day, and between that hour and dinner they bagged six hundred head of game from their own guns! On another occasion, an intimate friend of his and mine killed *a head of game per minute* for five successive hours! I state this "in verbo *sacerdotis*," so that the fact may be relied upon, but I withhold the reverend slaughterer's name.

It always appeared to me, however, that racing was more Mr. Mytton's passion than either shooting or hunting—and could he have been divested of that destroying spirit which accompanied him, he might have cut a very conspicuous figure on what may be called the country turf. He had the courage to purchase good horses,—for example, he gave three thousand guineas for Longwaist—and his never failing memory enabled him to measure their ability by that of others in a manner that turned to his account. Previously, indeed, to the loss of his trainer and rider, William Dunn, who was killed by a fall in riding one of his horses at Chester, he had his full share of success; but it appeared to forsake him gradually after that period. The fact was, Dunn was not only an excellent trainer and rider, but he had some power over him to restrain his running his horses to a standstill, which he would do if left to his own discretion, and more for the sake of showing sport than from the desire to win money. The sideboard at Halston exhibited thirteen gold cups, besides two silver ones, several of which were the trophies of one horse—the celebrated Euphrates, who, like one of the old sort, now become very scarce, persevered in running and winning to his thirteenth year! The expenses of his stud, however, must have been enormous, not only by consequence of its number, but his subscriptions to stakes amounted to an immense annual sum. He seldom refused to subscribe to any that were put before him, and the name of John Mytton often appeared as many as six times to the same. Of the art of breeding race horses he knew little or nothing; and the richness of the land at Halston proved a fatal obstacle to success.

His good nature and kind heartedness accompanied him every where, and particularly to the race-courses. He often started his horses without a prospect of their winning, for the purpose of affording sport—over-

ruling the objections of his trainer, by saying—"'Tis a pity the country people should come so far from home and not have some fun." In fact, that class of persons always built on diversion when "Squire Mytton's" horses were on the turf, and consequently the popularity of their owner had no bounds. "Which is he?" they would cry out to one of their friends that knew him. "That's he—that's *Mytton*," that friend would reply. "Dang it"—you would hear a Staffordshire potter or a Walsall nailer exclaim—"*ha looks loike a good 'un; they tells me he can foight nation well**."

Before he became too heavy, my friend occasionally rode among the gentlemen jockies† of the day; and here "John Mytton" appeared again, for strange to say, he did not like to see an intimate friend win, although he himself could not win. I had a rare specimen of this unaccountable frolic in my own person once, when riding in the same race with him at Lichfield. He knew he himself could not win, but was determined I should not; and, by making several runs at my horse, caused him to break away with me in the race, and the little chance I had was lost by it. I say "the little chance," because, although I defeated seven of the eight horses that started, by at least twenty lengths, the ninth came up and won cleverly at the last. This proved to be the famous Habberley, who was instantly purchased by Mr. Mytton, but who had never started or been heard of before that day. He was called a cocktail, but, as his subsequent running proved, Eclipse was not more thorough-bred than he was; and no doubt the original owners of him knew it.

Let us here take a cursory review of his start and progress on the turf. It appears that he entered upon its fascinations at the earliest possible opportunity—viz., on attaining his majority, in 1817. In the book calendar of that year there are three horses attached to the name, — Mytton, Esq., the names of two of which, "Hazard" and "Neck or Nothing," are highly characteristic of the man.

He came out at Oswestry on the 23rd of September, on which day both the above named horses ran (Neck or Nothing breaking down); also a third, called Langolee.

In the following year, 1818, they have him right in the calendar—Mytton, J., Esq., with Langolee, Leopold, Pranks, and Jupiter to his name.

Langolee walked over for a hunter stakes and beat Mr. Jones's Kill Devil in a match at Shrewsbury, in September, which was his *blooding*

* Some years since, at Chester, he actually went to his stable and fetched a horse down to the course himself, which his trainer had not prepared to run, and, mounting his jockey at the post, won the prize contended for.

† Mr. Mytton's colours were green and white with a black cap.

of success on the turf. This year his horses ran at Oswestry (where Captain Mytton gave £50 to be run for by members of the Oswestry Yeomanry Cavalry), at Wrexham, Holywell Hunt, and Tarporley Hunt, over the new course on Delamere forest.

In 1819 he had Jupiter, Sybil, Tamborine by Cervantes, Dot-and-go-one, Tattoo, Anti-Radical, Fox-Huntress by Sultan, and Single-peeper in his racing stable; during which year, however, he experienced the want of success peculiar to most young turfites.

In 1820 his string of horses was considerably lengthened. In addition to Anti-Radical and Leopold, he had gr. f. by Fitzjames, Mandeville, Theodore Majocchi (late Handel), Halston by Langton, Claudius, Chance, The Polacca, George the Third, Brunette, Paul Potter and Victorine.

Anti-Radical won him some good stakes at Chester, Warwick, Lichfield, Oswestry, Tarporley, and the gold cup at Manchester.

Mandeville won gold cups at Nantwich and Nottingham, also 100 gs. at Manchester.

Halston won four stakes, value £200.

1821. Victorine, b. c. by Aladdin, Paul Potter, The Chancellor, Halston, Doctor, Anti-Radical, The Ruler, Vade-mecum, George the Third, Shrewsbury, Hudibras, Queen Caroline, Habberley, Single-peeper, Mandeville, Claudius, Theodore Majocchi were in his racing stable.

Halston won the gold cup at Nottingham, also stakes at Worcester and Chester, value 135 gs.

Anti Radical again carried off the gold cup at Manchester, also the Palatine stakes and the gold cup at Burton, and Habberley, then called Acustus, said to be by Shuttlecock dam by Gayman, gleaned some good things at the Anson Hunt, Manchester, Hereford, and Shrewsbury.

Mandeville also won four times, the stakes amounting to about 200 gs.

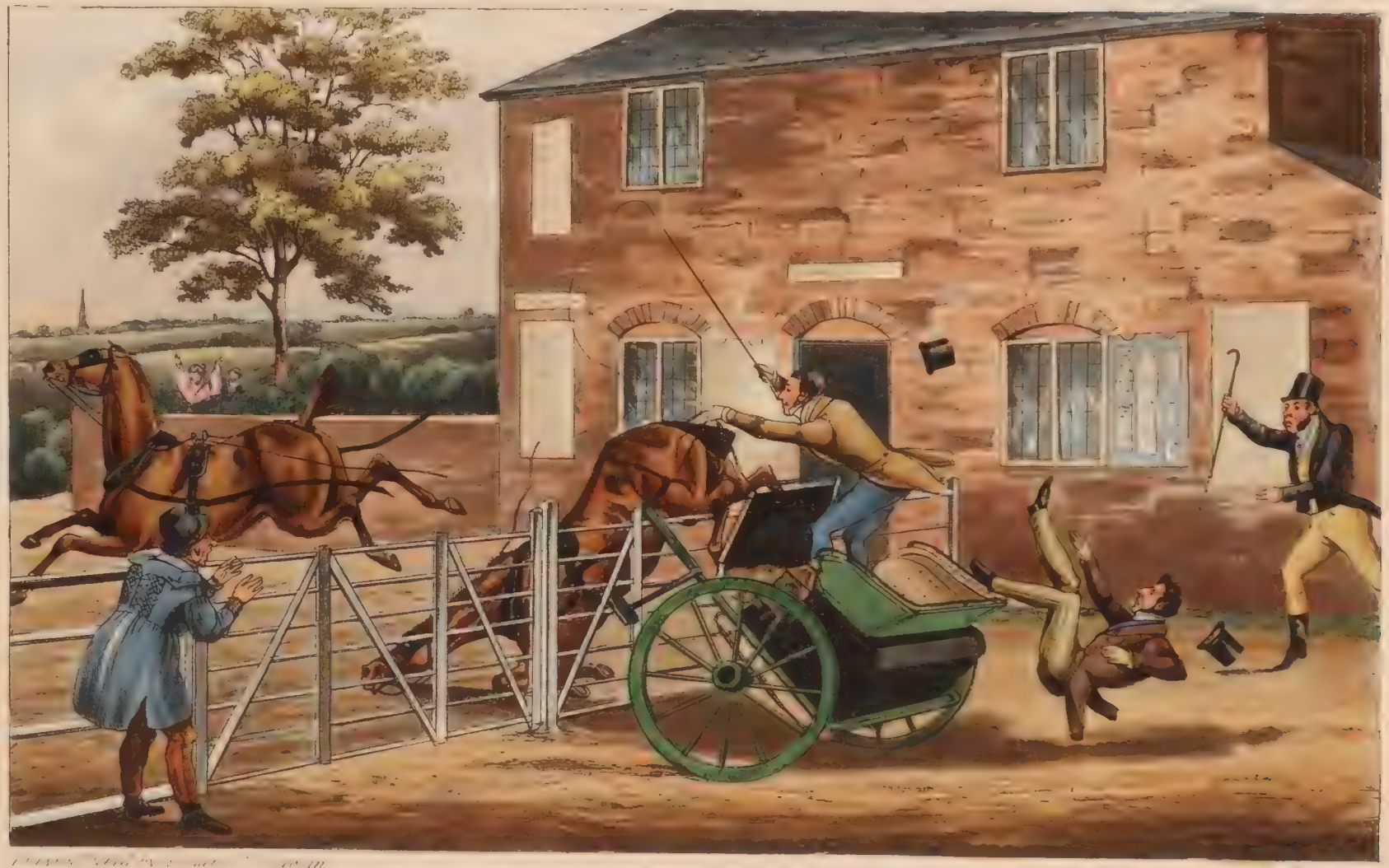
Claudius won the gold cup at Cheltenham.

1822. He had Claudius, Mallet, Habberley, Nettle, The Ruler, Enterprise, Queen Caroline, Halston, Mandeville, Theodore Majocchi, Anti-Radical, Circe, Vade-mecum, Banker, two br. c.'s by Filho da Puta, Jovial, ch. m. by Milo, ch. g. by Young Alexander, Paradigm.

Habberley won the Billesden Coplow stakes at Croxton-park, the Half-bred stakes at Chester and Manchester, 40 gs. at Shrewsbury, and 80 gs. at Oswestry.

The Ruler, by Rubens, won the Sherwood stakes at Nottingham and £60 at Manchester.

Halston started ten times and only won £50 at Oswestry. Mandeville won 65 gs. at Nantwich. Anti-Radical 60 gs. at Cheltenham. Banker by Smolensko, after he became Mr. Mytton's property (having been pur-



"I wonder whether he is a good [illegible]!"

[illegible] at the New Sporting Magazine Office, 191 Regent [illegible]

chased this year of Mr. Charlton, with whom he had won the cup at Winchester), won the cup at Abingdon and 70 gs. at Shrewsbury. One of the Filho colts won 75 gs. at Lichfield. Jovial by Golumpus won the Cocked Hat stakes at Shrewsbury. The ch. mare by Milo the silver cup at Oswestry. The gelding by Young Alexander the Cocked Hat stakes at Oswestry. And Paradigm by Partisan the Wellington stakes at Basingstoke.

1823. We find Habberley, Banker, Enterprise, Whittington, Euphrates (purchased of Mr. J. Dilly), Libertine, Ostrich, Clansman, Paradigm, Anti-Radical, br. c. by Bustard, Sir William (purchased of Mr. Beardsworth), Cae Avon, The Devil, placed after his name.

Habberley won the Bosworth stakes at the Anson Hunt at Lichfield. Banker won £60 at Buxton. Whittington, by Filho, won £235 at Chester, Shrewsbury, Walsall and Stafford. Euphrates, then seven years old, by Quiz, won the King's plate at Chester and the gold cup at Worcester. Ostrich, by Bustard (son of Castrel), won 183 gs. in two sums at Knutsford and Warwick; and the colt by Bustard won £90 in two sums at Oswestry and Holywell.

1824. He had Habberley, Euphrates, Ostrich, Oswestry, Berghill, Comte D'Artois, Whittington, and Ludford.

Euphrates won the gold cups at Cheltenham and Lichfield and the Oxfordshire stakes at Oxford.

Oswestry, by Filho, won £100 at the Pottery, £75 at Buxton, and the Mostyn and the Halkin stakes at Holywell. Berghill, by Bustard, won the Ludford stakes and £150 in three sums at Ludlow, Shrewsbury, and Wrexham. Comte d' Artois, by Bourbon, won £70 and the gold cup at Worcester, the gold cup at Hereford, and the Hawarden-castle stakes at Holywell. Whittington won the gold cup at Oswestry, the gold cup at Wrexham, another at Stafford and £345 in different sums; while Ludford, by Manfred, won £50 at Holywell.

1825. Elizabeth, Cara Sposa (late Miss Fyldener), Ludford, Oswestry, Comte d' Artois, Louisa, b. c. by Amadis, Euphrates, Comrade, b. f. by Blucher, b. f. by Cannon Ball, b. f. by Ambo, Flexible.

Ludford won 100 gs. at Oswestry and Holywell. Oswestry won the gold cup at Shrewsbury and £55 at Burton. Comte d' Artois £60 at Shrewsbury. Louisa, by Orville, £225 at Chester, 70 gs. at Nottingham, and 100 gs. at Derby. Euphrates won the gold cups at Newton, Worcester, Lichfield, Wolverhampton and Oswestry, also £50 at the latter place. Comrade, by Partisan, won 60 gs. at the Pottery. The Blucher filly £225 at Holywell and £50 at Wenlock. The Cannon Ball filly £50 at Oswestry. Flexible, by Whalebone, £120 at Shrewsbury, £50 at Oswestry, £210 at Holywell; a pretty good year's work.

1826. Flexible, Whittington, Fisherman, Euphrates, Balloon, Long-

waist, Bowsprit, Louisa, Ashburn, ch. c. by Sam, b. c. by Amadis, Harriette Wilson, Lark, and Comrade.

Flexible won the Darlington cup at Wolverhampton and £70 at Cheltenham. Whittington £60 at Chester. Euphrates carried off the gold cup at Lichfield, the gold cup and £50 at Oswestry, the King's plate and £70 at Chester. Longwaist by Whalebone won the gold cups at Newton, Buxton, Worcester and Warwick, also £40 at Chester. Bowsprit by Rainbow won £50 at Ludlow, Ashbourn by Cheshire Cheese £60 at Oswestry, colt by Amadis £230 at Nottingham; and Harriette Wilson by Manfred £40 at Shrewsbury.

1827. Fisherman, Flexible, Lechmere, Ellesmere, Halston, Euphrates, Mexican, Lark.

Ellesmere by Filho is the first winner of the above lot, viz. of £125 at Nottingham. Halston won £275 at Chester, £175 at Ludlow, and the Chillington stakes at Wolverhampton. Euphrates won the gold cup and £50 at Oswestry and the King's plate at Lichfield. Lark by Rubens £55 at Nottingham.

1828. Spruce, Hedgford, Euphrates, Halston, b. c. by Master Henry, The Crofts, br. f. by Filho.

Spruce by Skim won £100 at the Anson Hunt. Hedgford by Filho or Magistrate the cup and £50 at Chester and £50 at Nottingham. Euphrates won the cups at Ludlow, Worcester, Oswestry and Wrexham, also the King's plate at Chester. Halston, the Palatine stakes at Chester, 100 gs. at Newton, 75 gs. at Worcester, 200 gs. at Burton, the Avon stakes at Warwick, 155 gs. at Oswestry, the Taffy and Pengwern stakes at Holywell.

1829. The numbers were considerably reduced. Brown filly by Filho, The Crofts, Halston, Hedgford and Euphrates, being the whole of the horses he had in training.

The Crofts by Whalebone won £125 at Oswestry and £50 at Wrexham. Halston, the Tradesmen's cup at Chester, the cup at Knutsford, £350, the Pengwern stakes and £115 at Holywell. Hedgford, £63 at Chester. Euphrates, the gold cups at Ludlow and Wolverhampton and the King's plate at Lichfield.

1830. Brings us to a close, Halston and Hedgford being the only race horses he had left. The former winning £50 at Holywell, and the latter the Cheshire stakes at Chester, £110 at Newcastle, and £50 at Wrexham.

I find I must here retrace my steps a little—and this for two reasons. First, I shall follow the good example set by himself in bearing testimony to the worth of a good servant; and secondly, shall transcribe a letter of his own, which sets forth the writer of it in his true character. It will be recollected I asserted that Mr. Mytton's success on the turf somewhat

declined after the death of his trainer and rider, William Dunn. Let it not be supposed, however, that I intend in the least degree to disparage the good conduct or abilities of his subsequent trainers or riders, but to impute it to that "tide," as Shakespeare calls it, in every man's affairs, wherein fortune has a share, which, despite of every thing and every body, will now and then set against him. I have good reason to believe that Mr. William Dilly and my old servant, Thomas Horseley, did all that could be done for Mr. Mytton as trainers of his horses; and the ability of his jockey, Whitehouse, is very generally acknowledged. His master's opinion of him, however, is here unhesitatedly given in one of the *prettiest* letters—if I may use such an epithet—that I ever perused.

"*To the Editor of the Salopian Journal.*

"SIR,

"HAVING lately heard it asserted, as the general opinion, that the defeat of my celebrated horse, Longwaist, may be attributed to the dishonesty of his rider, I feel called upon, as his owner, to express my most firm and unshaken confidence in his integrity, till now unimpeached, and in truth unimpeachable.

Nothing but anxiety to rescue the fame and character of a highly valued servant, and deservedly admired rider, would induce me to trespass on your valuable columns; but feeling that the character of Whitehouse is as unspotted, and as valuable to himself as that of the highest of our nobles is to him, I cannot resist making my confidence in his worth and integrity thus public:—

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
But makes me poor indeed.

"I am, Sir,
"Your obedient servant,
"JOHN MYTTON.

"Halston."

In speaking of Mr. Mytton's conduct towards his two wives, it requires a delicate hand; for the mind naturally revolts from retracing, circumstantially, any thing intimately connected with the sacred compact between man and wife; but—as the reader will perceive—I should fail in my object, in writing this memoir of my departed friend, if I shrank from the arduous and painful task. I need no justification for the performance of it; I find it, first, in the fact of the notoriety given through the public journals, to the proceedings in Chancery, on the final separation of the late Mr. Mytton from that amiable lady who is now his widow; and,

secondly, in numerous misrepresentations that have gone forth to the world, which, to the utmost of my ability, I shall endeavour to clear up. I wish, however, for one sip of Lethe now, and that my readers could partake of the same cup; for, as in criminal law, good character bears no weight against positive evidence—at least, as regards the verdict returned—so I much fear the numerous virtues of my old friend will not here more than balance the account, unless large credit be given him on one score. The follies of mankind are familiar to our view, and we can always find an excuse for *them;* but it is difficult to account for that evil principle which prompts a man to give pain to a woman whom in his heart he loves, and whom he has every earthly reason to love. "*Sic visum est diis,*" 'tis the will of the gods, said the ancients—a poor excuse, if not a little blasphemous; and I should rather lay it to poor human nature, who sometimes exhibits herself in most mysterious guises, as was the case here, accompanied by errors and failings over which—as we are not permitted to command oblivion—delicacy and humanity would draw the veil.

But the present subject—if my object is to be obtained—will not admit of concealment, and the evil must at once be laid bare to our view. I reluctantly admit, that Mr. Mytton's conduct in the marriage state is in great part indefensible, and can only be *palliated* by a due allowance, which must not be denied him, for that sort of insane delirium under which he so frequently laboured—no matter from what cause—and to which so many of his otherwise unaccountable acts—not the acts of John Mytton per se—can alone be placed. Delusion is the true character of insanity; and when I say that great part of his unjustifiable, and, by the world, I fear, hitherto unpardoned, treatment of two of the most exemplary and virtuous women in existence, was jealousy, nothing more need be said to establish this point. What says the poet? and beautifully has he said it,

> "It is jealousy's peculiar nature
> To swell small things to great; nay out of nought
> To conjure much; and then *to lose it's reason*
> *Amid the hideous phantoms it has formed.*"

In the case before us, not only the groundlessness, but the unreasonableness of his suspicions were such as could have emanated from no sound mind, which never dreams of effects unconnected with a cause; and this is nearly the sole mitigation I have to offer for one of the greatest blemishes human nature can sustain. On this point he was mad; on others, only eccentric; but—as has been falsely said of wit—"thin partitions do their bounds divide." The fate of each of these ladies, however, has been a hard one. The one dropped into an early grave; the other would have been torn from him by her friends, had she

not made up her mind to abandon him, lest like Semele in Jupiter's, she might have found her death in his embraces*.

But, setting aside this monomaniasm, what further extenuation have I to offer? I answer—as regards his second lady—none, save madness. His first and himself were not well assorted. She had been nursed on the lap of refinement and fashion, to which her betrothed was a stranger, and was by consequence ill calculated to be the wife of a rough country squire, who had never been at Almacks in his life, and who had something like a sovereign contempt for all such exclusive association. Nor was this all—and should any young female's eye rest for a moment on this page, let it well observe, that it may well mark one rock on which thousands of her sex have split, and which she to whom I am alluding did not steer clear of. *The first Mrs. Mytton conducted herself with coldness to her husband's old friends and companions, the sons of the native gentry of his neighbourhood, in every respect her equal.* To a man of Mytton's temperament, to whom an old friend was "as the core of the heart," this could not have been without its effect, and on one occasion is said to have drawn tears from his eyes, during a dinner party at his own house; and from my knowledge of the man, I doubt not the fact.

There is a readiness to believe ill reports without examination into their truth, and we are often found guilty by those who will not trouble themselves to look into the accusation. Is all true, then, that has been reported, and credited by too many, of Mr. Mytton's conduct to his first wife? Certainly not. Fame loves to double, and the world is not only loud, but too often scurrilous in its censure. Not content with the various embellishments of vulgar rumour, absolute falsehoods were in general circulation; and amongst them the following:—He was accused of having thrown her lapdog—curse those lapdogs, married women have no business with such pests—upon the fire; but fortunately for the memory of my departed friend, the act that gave rise to the vile report I myself was a witness to. He merely took it up in his arms, threw it to the top of the drawing-room ceiling, and caught it, without injury, on

* So tender is woman's fame, that the very *breath* of calumny will taint it. It behoves me then to say, that, in their situation as wives, two more correct in their conduct might have been searched for in vain, than the ladies I am now alluding to. Any man but Mr. Mytton would have been proud of exhibiting them in public, but, had they lived in the days of Pericles, or been the wives of the Great Mogul, they could scarcely have been more secluded than they were at Halston. Not even a race ball would he let them be present at, for some years of his life! To what motive but jealousy, or, what is as bad, *suspicion*, could such conduct be attributed. In justice to the deceased husband, however, I must state, that the health of the first Mrs. Mytton was very delicate when she was married, which may account for her premature death.

its descent. The butler (who happened to be in the room at the time) called out, "Oh, Mr. Mytton, you'll kill the dog," and the lady screamed; and on this was the dreadful charge founded. In the hilarity of high animal spirits, Mytton was much given to practical jokes, as all his friends know. Thus, on the same lady once accompanying him to the kennel, he shut the door upon her for an instant, after he himself had got outside of it, and this was magnified into his wishing, or, I believe, *intending*, that she might be devoured by his fox-hounds. Again—he threw her into deep water! Nonsense; he was never mad enough to do that. He merely, one very hot day, pushed her into the shallow of his lake at Halston, a little over her shoes. All this was, no doubt, wrong by a young lady who had been brought up so tenderly as Miss Jones had been reared, but with a hundred young ladies I could name, who had been differently treated in their childhood, nothing would have been thought of it, beyond a joke. And then we should look at the man. If, independently of his own immediate connexions, he had a greater regard for one person than for any other, I have reason to believe it was for his Halston chaplain, and he was two or three times nearly being the death of him—once absolutely confining him to his bed for several weeks, from the consequences of his having knocked him over some iron railing at his hall door at Halston. Cruelty was not the property—no, not even the excrescence, of his nature; although, in his practical jokes, I admit he was rough, judging perhaps of other people's corporeal feelings by his own*.

I have said he was without excuse for ill conduct to his second wife, and I must again say, *why*. Not merely was her beauty the weakest of her charms, and her disposition and temper most amiable, but all who knew her will join with me in saying, that if a wife had been selected for Mr. Mytton with a view of reclaiming him, and making him a domestic character, she might have been the woman fixed upon for the experiment. Like Terence's lover, then, he should not only have sworn never to have forsaken, or unkindly treated her, inasmuch as she was the object of his choice, and *had been with difficulty obtained;* but there was that suitableness of temper (the *conveniunt mores* of the poet), which the one valued so highly, and the other had not, perhaps, met with before. In short, there was every prospect of happiness from this union, and for some years that prospect was realized; but whether it was that he once again nursed a vulture to feed on his own heart, or whether it was not in his nature to live comfortably with a woman, however suited to his taste,

* How many times have I overheard such remarks as the following, made on Mr. Mytton, by ladies, in my hearing, in distant parts of England—and indeed now and then nearer home. "Oh! *he is a brute!* He threw his wife's dog on the fire and burnt it alive! He tried to drown her, and wanted his hounds to eat her alive." Pshaw.

and however dear to his heart, is a question not to be resolved by man. He has, however, been exhibited as a pattern of ruffianism in his conduct towards this amiable lady, and as some detail of it has already been before the public, a repetition would be useless, as well as painful to the humanity of my readers. But he loved this woman to distraction; he would have given the apple of his eye for her at any time; he would have risked twenty lives to have gotten her back again, and obtained her forgiveness; he raved about her in his madness; and sent her his dying benediction! Were those brutal deeds, then, the deeds of the kind-hearted John Mytton—kind to every living soul but the woman whom he loved to distraction? Oh, no; they were the deeds of a man visited by the hand of the Almighty, afflicted with a distempered brain, *a monomaniac beyond all doubt.* Could he, then, like Scylla, have got an Act of Oblivion passed in his favour for this stain on his, otherwise, good name, he would perhaps pass even an earthly tribunal. But how fortunate is it, O man!—and especially for you who may be the loudest to condemn him—that we have reason to hope there is more mercy in heaven than in this vile world.

But is it possible, it will be still asked, that Mr. Mytton could have really loved either, or both of his amiable wives? Indeed, reader, he did, and, woman-like, despite of his conduct they both loved him. Neither did they reproach him. He could not complain with the noble Bard—

> "Though my many faults defac'd me,
> Could no other arm be found,
> Than the one which once embrac'd me,
> To inflict a cureless wound?"

But he might have joined his brother exile in his plaintive song—

> "All my faults—perhaps thou knowest,
> *All my madness*—none can know;
> All my hopes—where e'er thou goest,
> Wither—yet with thee they go."

And I speak from experience on these points. In the fatal illness of his first wife, I obeyed the call of friendship, and went to him at Clifton Hot Wells, where she died, and I can vouch for his sufferings on that occasion. Who that has ever seen him look upon her portrait at Halston, and speak of her afterwards, could doubt the truth of what I have asserted? And yet, could they both rise again from their graves, and were he to meet her again in all her beauty, and with all her charms, as he had met her before on their bridal day, I would not answer for many years of domestic happiness—even with the experience of the past to boot. "What is passion," says my Uncle Toby, "but a wild beast?" and unless restrained by reason, or subdued by temperance, is as furious and violent as the brute beast himself. We may throw a gem to a cock or a

pearl to a swine, but each would be better pleased with much humbler fare sought for and selected to their wild taste and pleasure; and I need not apply a moral here. It has been shown beyond a doubt, that it was not in the power of woman—no, nor in the power of himself—to have made John Mytton a good husband; nor indeed should he ever have entered into the marriage state.

We must then still proceed in the catechetical mood. How could any woman venture on Mr. Mytton, as a husband, after the publicity given to the history of his proceedings towards his first wife? I answer—In the first place, many of the evil reports in circulation were found to be untrue. Secondly, there was a great intimacy, as well as congeniality—if I may apply the word here—between the brothers of his second lady and himself, who could see nothing but what was congenial in their brother sportsman and friend. Again—Why was Venus (the Egyptian one) represented standing naked, on a lion, but to indicate that love conquers even the fiercest beast? Here was the lion in toils. The suing lover was on his very best behaviour during the days of probation, to which I was myself a witness, for he often made my house his home, as it was within two miles of that of the object of his choice. "*Credula res amor est*," says the poet. Love believes every thing; and not only the young lady—and young she was, for, if my memory serves me, she was only in her seventeenth year—but we all believed there was a fair prospect of happiness in the anticipated union. Neither was it suffered to take place without due consideration. The *pros* and the *cons* were nicely weighed and weighed again by the anxious mother, and they appeared nearly to balance the scales. Still it was long before her mind was made up, and in the intimacy of our friendship she put the following home question to me;—"Had you a daughter marriageable," said this amiable lady, and exemplary pattern of a wife and mother*, "would you like to see her married to Mr. Mytton?" I very well remember my answer. "In my opinion, Mrs. Giffard," I replied, "Mr. Mytton has no business with a wife at all; but should he marry your daughter, Caroline, there is a greater prospect of his making a good husband to her, than to any other woman in the world." Not only did my words prove true, but for several years he *was* a good husband, and had it not been for "the grave of reason" which excess in wine became to him, as indeed it does to most other men, I doubt not but he would have continued in the same course. But what an exemplary wife was she to him! How well did she bear her seclusion from society; what allowance did she make for his libertine life; how much it cost her to estrange her heart from him who had stamped it with its first impression! "I cannot help loving him with all his faults," said she, to me,

* The Hon. Mrs. Giffard is daughter to the late Viscount and sister to the present Earl Courtney.

one evening at Halston, after recounting some of his acts which only a madman would have committed; and were my life to endure a thousand years, I could never lose my recollection—unless I lost my reason—of that distressing scene. But it is true, thought I, as I listened to the sad tale, which is said of woman—that Heaven is pleased to make distress become her, and dresses her most amiably in tears.

But independently of conduct towards herself, there were other circumstances which must have been the source of much pain to this amiable lady. Nothing is more precious to a woman's heart than the good name and credit of him she loves. The unfortunate connection then between Mr. Mytton and the person I have before alluded to, sank deep in that of the lady in question, and well might it have stung her honest pride to the quick. The best of men is not free from human infirmity; but of all the vices short of what is termed "the great offence," to which *a gentleman* can be addicted, nothing so far debases and lowers him in the eyes of all who have an interest in his welfare, as his quitting the rank to which he by birth belongs. 'Tis the last step to a general dereliction of all gentleman-like feelings and a sorry compliment to his former friends. "Tell me with whom you associate," said the sage, "and I'll tell you what you are"—one of the noblest lessons, if not the severest rebuke, ever given to mankind. It is the voice of custom, echoed by the voice of reason.

I have but little to say of Mr. Mytton as a father, but that little is in his favour. He was very fond of his children, although, as may be expected, he had a peculiar way of showing his affection for them—such as tossing them in the air as he did the lapdog; giving view-halloos in their ears at a very tender age, throwing oranges at their heads, and all such practical jokes; but as the brute said of the eels, it was "nothing when they were used to it," and I think his conduct towards them in general was *sans reproche*. He often spoke of them in his exile; and when he came in contact with other persons' children, about the age of his own, a close observer would detect the workings of a strong inward feeling which it was not in his power to conceal. But why should he wish to conceal it? for there is a chord in the breast of a savage that responds to the voice of nature! John Mytton himself could alone answer this question; but as a celebrated character in antiquity wished for a window in his breast that every one might see into it, a peep into that of this extraordinary man would have exhibited qualities and virtues which not only the world refused to give him credit for, but which he himself seemed resolved it should not believe he possessed. Strange and unfathomable man! Hypocrisy is the homage which vice pays to virtue, and God knows you paid her nothing in *that coin*; but you seemed determined to make us think you kept no account with her at all!

How to cross a country comfortably after dinner.

The Life and Death of the late John Mytton, Esq., of Halston, Shropshire;

FORMERLY M. P. FOR SHREWSBURY; HIGH SHERIFF FOR THE COUNTIES OF SALOP AND MERIONETH, AND MAJOR IN THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY CAVALRY.

By Nimrod.

Part III.

"Ubi plura nitent."—Hor.

I had not seen Mr. Mytton for at least two years previously to my quitting England, but I had heard some unpleasant reports touching his pecuniary affairs; yet it was not until I read the advertisement in the Times of the sale of *all* his effects at Halston, that I found his race was run. As the greatness of every man's fall is measured by the height from which he fell, my heart bled as I waded through the melancholy detail of objects so familiar to my mind, so dear to himself, and also associated with brighter days of my own. "Poor fellow," said I, to a mutual friend who was at my side; "better he had never lived, than to have to taste those bitter moments which in future must be his portion. He who towered like the cedar will now be trampled upon like the bramble, and perhaps neglected by those whom his bounty once fed." What became of him, however, after the sale of his effects at Halston—for every thing was sold except Euphrates, the race horse—it is not material to inquire; and I only know that, being in fear of arrest by creditors, he sojourned for some time at a small hotel in Richmond*, from which place are to be dated circumstances and events deeply affecting his future, short, but melancholy term of life.

On the 5th of November, 1831, during my residence in the town of Calais, I was surprised by a violent knocking at my door, and so unlike what I had ever heard before in that quiet town, that, being at hand, I was induced to open the door myself; when, to my no little astonishment, there stood John Mytton! "In God's name," said I, "what has brought you to France?" "Why," he, replied "*just what brought yourself to France;*" (parodying the old song) "three couple of *bailiffs* were hard at my brush." But what did I see before me? The active,

* Before going there, I believe he was a good deal at one of the fashionable bachelor hotels in Bond-street, where he might be seen sitting down to dinner, with bailiffs, money-lenders, and ragamuffins of all descriptions, who haunted and followed him wherever he went.

vigorous, well-shapen John Mytton, whom I had left some years back in Shropshire? Oh, no! compared with him, 'twas the "reed shaken by the wind;" there stood before me, a round-shouldered, decrepid, tottering *old-young* man, if I may be allowed such a term, and so bloated by drink that I might have exclaimed, with Ovid,

"Accedant capiti cornua, *Bacchus eris**."

But there was a worse sight than this. There was a mind, as well as a body in ruins; the one had partaken of the injury done to the other, and it was at once apparent that all was a wreck. In fact, he was a melancholy spectacle of fallen man—of one, over whom all the storms of life seemed to be engendered in one cloud.

After drinking some wine, he took his leave of me abruptly, saying he was going in a carriage to Guines, a small town eight miles from Calais, where he had been quartered, when in the hussars, with the army of occupation; but, taking me affectionately by the hand, said, "I shall come to you to-morrow, for I have a great deal to say to you." The morrow came and he himself came, accompanied by Mr. Vaughton†, and I hope neither of us may have occasion to witness such another scene. His pecuniary affairs appeared not to give him a moment's uneasiness. As regarded them, fancy, or something worse, had dressed the future prospect with the gayest colours; he had seventy thousand pounds to receive, he said, after all debts should be paid; had engaged Mc Donald, the jockey, to be his trainer and rider of his new stud of race horses; and he had purchased a capital house in Curzon-street, May-fair, where of course there was a knife and fork for me, and bail for ten thousand pounds! Neither did he appear to care two pence for what had occurred at Halston. It was to be all reinstated in its former splendour, and once more was I to be his guest. It would have been cruel to have undeceived him here. Like the good citizen of Argos, he might have upbraided us for so doing, and exactly in his words:—

"Pol me occidistis, amici,
Non servâstis, ait, qui sic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error‡."

But the sore was not yet laid bare. A very elegant writer has observed, "there are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul, that penetrate the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom;" and this we could perceive was his case. He was writhing under one of them—*the madness of wounded affection,*

* If you had but horns on your head, you would be Bacchus.

† A brother sportsman from Warwickshire, but now residing in France.

‡ It would have been better that you should have destroyed me, my friends, than to have deprived me of the most agreeable delusion of the human mind.

and though vanquished, he would not yield. "I'll have my wife back again, by G—d," said he; "*look at these marks*," pointing to a wound on each wrist, which it appeared he had purposely kept from healing; "*they handcuffed me**; but, so help me G—d, I'll have her yet." Here a violent hysterick affection put an end to the scene; but it was evident that not only had the "iron entered into his soul," but that the foundation of his happiness was sapped, and that, in his then course of life, either his reason or his health must give way.

One week's experience of his proceedings, for he was never sober throughout the day, confirmed me in the above view of his case, and I thought it my duty to take some precautions. The first step was to interrogate his valet, as to what instrument he had in his possession by which he could put an end to what—if he ever suffered himself to take a clear and sober view of it—must have been a barren and cheerless existence; and the next, to inform his friends of my fears. Barring his mother, his uncle, Mr. Owen, of Woodhouse, near Shrewsbury (one of his guardians), was his nearest relation; to whom I stated my apprehensions that his nephew would either go mad, or die, and very shortly too, and wished for his advice as to how I should act in case my suspicions should prove well grounded. His answer as regarded myself was kind, and that of a gentleman; but as concerned his nephew it was conclusive. He had never, he said, taken his advice in any one instance, therefore he declined offering it on the occasion on which I sought it, and muchsoever as he lamented the ruin that had befallen him, it was a consolation to him to reflect that he had not in the smallest degree contributed to it. (This letter is dated November 25, 1831, just twenty days after his nephew's arrival at Calais.)

It may be easily imagined that the arrival of my old friend at Calais, in the state in which he then appeared, was any thing but what I could have desired. My pen was at that time employed on a very interesting subject, and I knew, from past experience, how many times in the day I should be interrupted by him. But I had shared his prosperity, and I was not going to desert him in his adversity. He did not, however, want for society at Calais. He gave dinners at his hotel; and as Epicurus's wise man would cultivate friendship, as he would the earth, *for what it produces*, there were plenty such wise men to be found in Calais†.

* He alluded to a desperate attempt he had made to regain possession of his wife, after she had returned to her family at Chillington-hall; when it was found absolutely necessary for the constables to handcuff him, before they could make themselves secure of his person. It has been stated that he knocked down eight persons in the rencontre. No doubt he went "big with daring determinations," but he was foiled by a good look-out.

† Here the character of the man appears in its true colour. One gentleman, pre-

This, however, was not the worst of it. Still wiser men followed him from London, as I shall soon take occasion to show, as also how fortunately their designs were frustrated.

Although my house, with its humble fare, was always open to Mr. Mytton, I never made one of his dinner parties; but one evening, about nine o'clock, he came into my dining room, accompanied by a man, in a rough great coat, whom he introduced as a livery stable keeper in Edgeware-road, but who, in my eye, had every appearance of a London thief. On hearing Mr. Mytton say something of a draft or bill, I asked this person what was the amount of his demand on Mr. Mytton, when he replied, "under £100." To cut this story short then, I shall only state, that I cautioned my friend against giving bills in a foreign country, and also requested his old acquaintance, Mr. Longden, then residing at Calais, to caution him also,—for our suspicions were equally aroused—but we were both equally repulsed with "mind your own business," or words to that effect; and the rascal succeeded, that evening, after he left my house, in getting his signature to a bill for £200!! And even this was nearly being not the worst of it. A gang of swindlers, of which this fellow was one, were in the town with stamps suitable to £5,000, for which amount they *intended* to get him to sign bills, with the promise of remitting him the money for them*.

But this was only the commencement of that memorable evening's work. After repairing to the hotel, where the bill was signed, Mr. Mytton and his friend sallied forth to a "finish," and somewhere about midnight, returned again to the hotel, and now comes the climax.

But, reader, one word with you first. You have heard, no doubt, of many memorable deeds performed by fire. You have read that somebody set fire to Troy, Alexander to Persepolis, Nero to Rome, a baker to London, a rascally Caliph to the treasures of Persepolis, and the proud but brave Porsenna to his own hand and arm to frighten the stubborn Mutius Scævola into a peace; but did you ever hear of a man setting fire to his own shirt, to frighten away the hiccup? Such, however, is the climax I have alluded to; and this was the manner in which it was performed: "D—n this hiccup," said Mytton, as he stood undressed on the floor, apparently in the act of getting into his bed; "but I'll *frighten* it away;" so seizing a lighted candle, applied it to the tail of his shirt, and—it being a cotton one—he was instantly enveloped in flames.

viously unknown to him, borrowed his coat, with the Anson hunt button on it,—rather unceremoniously, as he said,—to go to a ball. He ordered his valet to line the gentleman's coat sleeves with fish hooks against he called for it, the next day.

* The payment of this bill was stopped by placards in the streets of London, in which the names of other gentlemen who had been swindled by the same party appeared.

Now, how was his life saved? is the next question that might be asked. Why, by the active exertions of his London customer, and of another stout and intrepid young man who was in the room, who jointly threw him down on the ground and tore his shirt from his body, piece-meal. Then, here again comes John Mytton! "The hiccup is gone, by ——," said he, and reeled, naked, into his bed.

It is easily to be supposed that the irregular life Mr. Mytton was at this time leading had its due weight with his valet, and, although he had been some four or five years in his service, he had left him that night to his fate, and was pursuing his own pleasures in Calais. The following morning, however, between the hours of seven and eight, he came to inform me of what his master had done, and wished me to come instantly to see him. "What doctor have you got?" said I. "*None*," replied the man. "Send for Dr. Souville immediately," added I, "and I will come to your master as soon as I am dressed*."

Shall I ever forget the scene this morning presented? There lay Mr. Mytton, not only shirtless, but sheetless, with the skin of his breast, shoulders, and knees of the same colour with a newly-singed bacon hog. He saluted me, as usual, with a view holloa, but I told him that was no time for joking, and asked him *why* he committed so silly an act, and one that might very probably be the cause of his death? in fact, had the flames caught his body one inch lower down, his intestines would have been burnt and he must have perished? His answer was—the answer of a madman—that *he wished to show me how he could bear pain.* This scene closed with the arrival of the doctor, who applied the usual palliatives, but whose opinion as to the result, it was then almost useless to ask for.

Any man but John Mytton, would have tried to have aided the exertions of his doctor, to alleviate sufferings which very shortly became severe, but he absolutely added fuel to the fire. The more he smarted the more he drank, but, like the Spartan boy, he never squeaked. "Can't I bear pain well?" he would say to me six times in the day, and in truth he did bear it well. But although it sometimes happens that the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak, here the flesh was the stronger of the two, for the mind of the sufferer very soon became affected. I have, however, omitted to mention one act he committed the day after his accident, which, if committed by any other man but himself, would have been evidence to have shown that he was always mad. "Is not ..... going to dine with you to-day?" said he to me. On my

* Our principal and very eminent English physician, Dr. Bradley, was at this time absent from Calais. Dr. Souville, however, is the principal French physician, and of acknowledged practical ability.

answering in the affirmative, he observed, that I might have asked him to have met him. "It would cost you your life," said I; "you must be stark mad to think of going out in the state you are at present." He gave me one of those looks which generally implied mischief, and which were well understood by his friends; and said no more. Just after we were seated at our dinner, however, in walked John Mytton; but although he sat out the meal and half an hour afterwards, he fainted twice, and was glad to return to his bed. But even this is a trifle to what he did afterwards. He had been five weeks in his bed, when he declared he would dine with me on New Year's day. Nothing but the straitwaistcoat would have restrained him, and he came; and moreover, because there were not four horses to the carriage, to take him back to his hotel—not three hundred yards—he would walk, without even a great coat, but supported by two persons, and although the air was cold and damp he was not a whit the worse for it. What would some people have given for such a constitution as his, and how difficult was it even for him to destroy it!

Of all the uncertainties of our present state, says Dr. Johnson, the most dreadful and alarming is the uncertain continuance of reason; and although there may be "a pleasure in madness madmen only know," it is harrowing to the feelings of others to behold it. My prediction, however, respecting Mr. Mytton was fulfilled; he became deranged in about a fortnight after the burning, and it was quite evident he would very shortly become a maniac. Symptoms at length gave apprehension of his becoming at times dangerous; the straitwaistcoat was ordered, and the men were in readiness in the house to apply it. "Wait," said I, "and let me try, once more, if I can arouse him to a sense of his situation;" and entering his chamber alone, the following conversation passed:—

"Mytton," said I, "I come to tell you that your doctors assure me you will be a corpse in three days, unless you give up drinking brandy." "So much the better," he replied, "I wish to die." "That is not the speech of a man of your good understanding," I observed; "you may yet see happy days if you will give up drinking brandy. Will you promise me you will give it up?" He said he would not; but on my telling him there were six men in the house ready to put his person under restraint, he said he would promise to drink only what his doctors might allow him; and this was all I wanted. The keepers and the waistcoat were dismissed.

His mind soon experienced the benefit of this wholesome change, but the irritation from the burning brought his life into peril. In fact, Dr. Souville told me he did not expect him to live, apprehending typhus would ensue; and, as an old Warwickshire brother sportsman said of

him, "no other man but Mytton would have survived." He would faint on being moved from his bed to his chair, and he had every symptom of sinking nature. Under these circumstances, I had a duty to perform which I did not shrink from, but never should I have dreamt of making public the result, were it not that I consider it honourable to the man, and it cannot fail of being satisfactory to his friends. Sitting opposite to him, then, at the fire, I thus, in pain, addressed him. "I think it right to tell you, your life is in some danger; I know you too well not to be convinced that you will not scoff at what I am going to suggest. Would you like to see our clergyman, Mr. Liptrot? He is a liberal-minded, worthy man, without an atom of humbug about him." "Draw your chair by the side of me," said Mytton. On my placing it on his right, he requested me to place it on his left; and putting his left hand into mine, he struck his breast violently with his right, and with as much vehemence as in his then weak state he could command, exclaimed —"I never intentionally injured any person in my life, and I hope God will forgive me." These words were followed by a flood of tears; and how exactly do they resemble those of Manfred to the Abbot of St. Maurice.

> "I hear thee. This is my reply; whate'er
> I may have been, or am, doth rest between
> Heaven and myself—I shall not choose a mortal
> To be my mediator."

Cicero says, no man in his sound mind is destitute of religion; and even unsound as poor Mytton's—to a certain extent—always was, I am quite sure he was not destitute of it, although his proud spirit was loth to own a dread of any thing, either human or divine. But supposing he had never owned it to man, we are not to imply that he did not own it to his God; for although the fall of Solomon is told, we know nothing even of his repentance. I shall have occasion, however, to show that the subject of this memoir was a sincere, though perhaps a late penitent, and I rejoice at having it in my power to do so, as, knowing the man, I should have been sorry to hear that he died and made no sign.

There is a Latin quotation which has often met my eye, and is as often applied to nations as to individuals, but I cannot say I know the author of it. "*Quos Deus vult perdere, prius dementat;*" which is as much as to say, that those persons whom the Almighty wishes to destroy, he previously causes to grow mad (which is, I believe, the literal and only meaning of *dementa*, a word not in use in elegant Latin). I know not on whose authority the conduct of man's Maker is thus, I think, impiously speculated upon; but should a fiat so dreadful have been really pronounced, let us hope it will plead in favour of some of the acts of

poor John Mytton, for which, with a heart like his, nothing short of madness could possibly account for or justify*.

On the morrow of the day on which I had the conversation with Mr. Mytton on the serious condition in which he then appeared placed, he asked me, as he lay in his bed, to get a sheet of paper and write what he dictated. I did so, and it consisted of the following lines:—

"Condemn'd in youth to meet the grave,
I hope to be received above;
Render my soul to him who gave,
My latest breath to you, my love."

He then requested they might be placed in his view on the door of his chamber (where they remained for a considerable time); "and," said he,

* It never before fell to my lot to watch the motions and actions of persons labouring under a temporary aberration of the mind, much more to receive letters from them. Amongst the numerous ones which my poor friend wrote me in that melancholy situation, the following convince me that, however discordant may be the instrument of thought (the brain) at the time—though some keys may jar, there are others which yield the usual tones to the same touch.

"Dear Ramrod (for Nimrod),

"You shall not stay longer with old Jack Longden in my sitting room, but come up stairs to see a Hero, late Chillington, die the death of a saint." Here was the ruling passion, strong even in madness and in death, for he was very ill at the time. Hero was the name of a famous hunter he bought of me, which he afterwards called Chillington; and he married a daughter of the ancient house of Chillington. There were as many as half a dozen dashes under some of these words. Again, there was the following; in which the fatal passion for the Circean cup—that cup which, like Nabal's, turned a heart of flesh to a heart of stone—too plainly appears.

"Dear Ram.,

"Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ grandinis misit Pater, et, rubente" porto. Here goes a bumper to old Ram."

Signed "John Mytton."

This extraordinary production is dated "the Gallies," and directed thus:—"Fall at a rasper! To Mytton's best friend." The quotation from Horace is worth notice, inasmuch as every word is rightly spelled, the punctuation correct, and the capital "P" in Pater, as in the original. There were six dashes under the word "rubente" and four under "porto," but the inverted commas ceased at "rubente!" The following postscript was added to it.

"Nummi si nolo custodi rendere vinctus
Præmii num mi (eheus miseri!) restat ahenea turris?"

"Prison or not to prison—can it be a debt, as it's not self-contracted, non sponte suâ, nec voluntate meorum filiorum." Here it appears his Latin is not quite so correct, but he alludes to the impression, that he was not aware on what account his liberty was denied him. This last was succeeded by another the same day, which shows that the brain became more disturbed. "Dear Ram. H—l to pay—come here instantly, they are all found out—*poison*. Ever J. M." I have a hundred such notes, the dates of all which I marked, and I suppose Mr. Roberts of his hotel had as many. On perusing several of them, I could have exclaimed, with Shakespeare,

"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

"when I die, I trust to your sending them to my wife." I told him I would do so; and had he died at that time, I should certainly have complied with the request.

It would be both useless and tedious to describe the various scenes that passed in the chamber of my poor friend, who was guarded day and night by three persons at a time, after he recovered his strength; but some of these scenes indeed would put the powers of description at defiance. Several of them, however, such as his conversation with these persons, who were English smugglers, were ludicrous in the extreme, and highly characteristic of the man*. Previously to this precaution, however, rather an awful scene was witnessed by me. A servant from his hotel came to inform me that Mr. Mytton had got six carving knives in his possession, and was by himself in his room. Mr. Vaughton and myself entered it, and such we found to be the case, with the trifling difference that only two of the six were carving knives, the other four being dinner or case knives. He was lying on his bed with the six knives in his hands, when I placed myself at its side, and Mr. Vaughton —a very powerful man—stood at the foot. "Heyday, Squire," said I, "what are you going to do with all those knives." "Come and lay down by my side," said he, "and I'll show you (of course I begged to be excused); I have made your fortune and old Vaughton's too—a hundred and fifty thousand apiece for each of you—for I have found out that these knives will extract fire from flesh." "Ah," said Mr. Vaughton, "but how much better would they do so if they were *warmed at the fire!*" "To be sure," replied our poor deluded friend; and giving them into his hands, they were soon put outside the door. It will no doubt appear a mystery in what way these knives could have been procured, and well it may. But will it be credited that they had been given to him by his own servant, of whom I had only a few weeks before required possession of every thing—even to his nail knife—by which a wound to his person could be given. Such, however, was the case; and it is

* There was nothing that medical skill or humanity could suggest left untried to relieve the sufferings of Mr. Mytton. Several of his friends sat up, or lay on a spare bed the whole night in his room, and of course I took my turn. It happened one night, that I was accompanied on my watch by a waiter from some hotel in London, who was sent over to Mr. Roberts's hotel for the purpose of learning the French language. "Nimrod!" cried Mr. Mytton; but I feigned sleep. "Nimrod!" he repeated, "I want to talk to you;" but I was still asleep. "Come and sit by me then," said he to the waiter, "and talk to me. You have heard of my hounds?" "Your hounds, sir," said the man—a thorough-bred cockney; "I can't say as I ever did." "Why, you d—d fool, where have you lived all your life? Did you never hear of Euphrates?" "I can't say I did, sir," replied the man. "What!" said Mytton, "*never heard of Euphrates the race horse!* I'll have you smothered to-morrow, by G—d. Go back to your great chair, and get to sleep!"

scarcely necessary to observe, that the man was from that hour forbidden to come near his person, and soon afterwards was discharged.

The effects of education on first-rate talent shine forth when little expected, as was the case with this extraordinary man, even when his mental aberrations were nearly at their height. In one of his paroxysms he talked eight and forty hours without ceasing, and, as it may be supposed under such violent excitement, a recollection of last year's clouds would not be more difficult than a record of the unconnected jargon which he at that time uttered. But in his calmer moments, when he saw me by his bed-side, he would quote Greek and Latin authors with surprising readiness, and when he found he was incorrect would pause until he recovered the text. In several of these quotations it was beyond doubt apparent, that the bereavement of his family and the desolation of Halston were present to his mind; for in some particular instances I could not be mistaken. In giving that beautiful passage from Sophocles, wherein Œdipus recommends his children to the care of Creon, I am quite certain he was applying it in his mind to the former calamity; and an epigram from the Greek Anthologia, on the fall of Troy and the death of Hector, which he would very often repeat, had a sympathetic allusion to the ruin at Halston and his own fall. But the following criticism could scarcely have been expected from a mind in ruins. In reply to the numerous messages he would send to the bar of his hotel, some answer was generally to be manufactured, and "master has not got such a thing in the house," was by no means an uncommon one. It happened one day, however, that the attendant in waiting brought him what he had sent him for, but delivered it into his hands with the usual announcement—"Mr. Roberts hasn't got no such thing, sir,"—he having procured it elsewhere. "Why," said Mytton, looking the man in the face, in my presence, "you are a Greek." "No, sir, I arnt," he replied. "But I'll be —— if you are not," continued Mytton, for in Greek two negatives make the affirmative stronger; and roared into his ear "χωρις εμε ου δυρασθε ποιειν ωδεν, says the Bible." The fellow stared, and well he might; and well indeed might Mr. Mytton's uncle say, as he did in his letter to me, when lamenting his nephew's situation and contrasting it with what it might have been—"Heu, ubi lapsus!"

But we will bring this scene to a close. Having reason to believe that, either by his powers of eloquence or by the force of that sympathy in a British sailor for the absence of grog, which is inseparable from his character, and will be a formidable opponent to the Temperance Societies, he had prevailed upon one or two of these otherwise honest guardians to procure him spirits by stealth, it was determined by Mrs. Mytton, his mother,—who had for some time been in painful but unre-

mitting attendance on her son—that I should proceed to London and state his case to Dr. Sutherland, as, in fact, we were making no progress towards recovery. The result was two experienced attendants being sent to Calais, by whose skilful treatment an alteration for the better was soon apparent, and their patient was able to take his airings in a carriage. It is, however, somewhat singular that the only time that it was found necessary to put my poor friend under restraint, was during the time I was absent from him in London, and on my return—John Mytton like—he spoke of it as a very good joke.

The scene now changes again, and somewhat of a brighter prospect appears. Although Mr. Mytton had every comfort, as well as every convenience at the Royal Hotel in Calais,—the landlord of which, Mr. Roberts, is a person of superior education and conduct, and was much esteemed by his unfortunate guest—yet when it is considered that he had been occupying the same apartments so long, in sickness and in sorrow, it was desirable, on the approach of spring, that he should breathe a purer air, and a chateau was looked for in the country. But here arose a difficulty. The few persons who had such things to let were alarmed at the idea of *a gentleman and his keepers*, and fearing the occupation of them by such tenants might leave a stain on their premises, refused to let them on any terms. What then was to be done? His removal to England would have been his removal to a prison; so, at the request of Mrs Mytton, I consented to take a chateau and to receive him as an inmate until his recovery was completed. But I went beyond this: I undertook to make a trial of managing him myself, without the aid of his keepers, and the first ten days bade fair for success. He conformed to regular hours; enjoyed his meals; did not exceed his bottle of wine; was, I thought, never happier in his life, and the recruitment of his health was beyond all expectation. Luckily for all parties, however, at the request of his mother, who was gone to England, his keepers still remained in Calais to await the issue of the experiment, for at the end of a fortnight he stole away to Calais unobserved; got at the brandy bottle, and then it was all over with my "brief authority." It was with great difficulty that I could prevail on him to return to dinner for three successive evenings, and on the fourth he was outrageous, and threatened to murder a gentleman who had been most kind to him in his illness. It then became necessary to send to Calais for his keepers, and by eight o'clock the next morning, with the advice of his doctors, he was under their care.

Provision was made for this somewhat anticipated change. The chateau afforded ample accommodation for the whole party; but as, in all such cases, it is necessary to separate the patient from persons and objects which are sources of mental excitement, Mr. Mytton and his

attendants had apartments separate from mine, and which were arranged in the most convenient manner for all purposes of safety. The attendance of these young men acted like a charm upon their patient, who recovered his former serenity on being told that he was *again* placed under the surveillance of the police for striking a Frenchman in Calais. But let all those whose constitutions are the worse for wear by indulging in midnight revels, and who may take a glance at the Life of John Mytton, mark and digest what I am now about to state. When he left the town of Calais he was gradually recovering his strength of body and mind, but was very feeble on his legs, and could scarcely enter a carriage without assistance. He had not been at this chateau a month, before, by regular living and daily exercise in sea air, he was able to walk six or seven miles in the middle of the day without the slightest fatigue, and to take a walk in the evening besides. His meals were eaten with a relish, and without the aid of Cayenne pepper, to the use of which he before knew no bounds; and his sleep was tranquil and refreshing. Now methinks it will be asked—how did he employ his time? Why, painful but striking is the answer to this question. He to whom the whole world had appeared insufficient to afford pleasure, and who had spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in pursuit of it, was now completely happy in the occupation of picking up sea shells in the morning and washing them in vinegar in the evening!! So eager was he in this his favourite pursuit, that he would scarcely finish his dinner before he would enter upon the latter office, and would absolutely stand for two or three hours at a time brushing shells with a nail brush dipped in vinegar! They were then laid with great precision in drawers, which he would never suffer any one but himself to open. This, with the perusal of the Morning Herald, the Age, and the Calais (French) Journal, formed the business of the day.

It is almost needless for me to state that, at this period, the intellect of my friend was in a state of great imbecility—the consequence of extreme exhaustion, produced by extreme excitement. Nevertheless it was the opinion of his attendants, as well as of Drs. Souville and Winder, who saw him two or three times a week, that, by pursuing the plan they were then acting upon, he would in time recover his strength of mind as well as that of his body; and there also was a chance—as his old friend and neighbour, Colonel Proctor, then at Boulogne, observed—of his altering his former course of life, from the experience he might have of the benefits arising from temperance and exercise. But alas, poor man, this chance was denied him. At the end of the second month he was, by false representations made to his mother, once more let loose, and from that hour to the last of his life his poor shattered bark was never out of a sea of troubles. He had nearly been suffocated with

Drawn &

Heron Shooting. "A wader after a big bird."

brandy on his voyage to London, by the steamer, the day after he left the chateau; and, as was evident to all parties, so soon as he was caught in England he was in a jail! Why then was he taken to England? and why was his life thus suffered to be sacrificed? Why, merely to enable him to sign deeds conveying away the last remaining acre of his unentailed property, which he could not do when in the situation from which he was taken! He did sign them, and his own death warrant by the same act and deed. There might be other reasons for getting him to England, which it may perhaps be unsafe for me to commit to paper; but to my mind they are conclusive.

I shall take but a bird's eye view of his career in England, but, carrying on the allegory, we may compare his situation to that of small birds pursued by hawks. Every bailiff in London was on the look out; and, above all places in the world, he went to Halston to avoid them! Oh, what must have been his feelings on the first view of his deserted hall—the scene of all his former splendour! They must have somewhat resembled those of "The Last Man," when viewing the capitals of the world, and himself alone left to mourn over them; but as they are incommunicable by words, I leave them to the imagination and likewise to the sympathy of the reader.

("Such a house broke!
So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not
One friend to take his fortune by the arm,
And go along with him.")

Let us hope, however, that he was neither sober nor in his senses—at all events, that some respite was in mercy granted to his intellectual faculties, as a guard to his heart, from the assaults of sufferings that might otherwise have been beyond man's nature to endure! But his stay here was short, he was hurried off to Shrewsbury jail, whence, in the course of time, he was removed to the King's Bench prison, in London.

But here again comes John Mytton! During his sojourn in the former prison he was visited by several of his old friends,—influential gentlemen in the county—who offered their services in arranging his difficulties, provided he would put his affairs into their trust, but he rejected all their overtures. Either Cæsar or nobody he was resolved to be so long as he was above ground, and how exactly did he come under that denomination of persons of whom Horace speaks,

"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent;"

and how plumply did he give the lie to the adage, that adversity is the school of reform. The toad was ugly and venomous; but he saw no "precious jewel in his head."

But there was something savouring of the romantic in Mr. Mytton's being placed in durance in the prison of a town with which the deeds of his ancestors were so deeply and brilliantly associated—in a town in which his word would but a short time before have been good for ten thousand pounds, and in which he once sat high in the people's hearts; and also in relation to the altered situation in which he himself once stood towards the keeper of that prison. The governorship becoming vacant, the contest for it was a severe one, and it was solely by the influence of Mr. Mytton that the present person fills it. He, however, not only has done credit but honour to his benefactor's choice,—as no man in Shrewsbury is more respected, neither can any man exceed him in the various and arduous duties he has to perform, tempering mercy with justice; and although Shakespeare says, "seldom when the steeled gaoler is the friend of man," Mr. Griffiths was unceasing in his kind attention to his patron, now become his prisoner. Indeed Mr. Mytton not only acknowledged this to me, but told me he was very comfortable in Shrewsbury goal!

On a writ of certiorari being executed, my poor degraded friend was conveyed to London in the custody of Mr. Griffiths, and transferred to that of the Marshall of the King's Bench, where I saw him for the first time since he left the chateau in France. But what a change for the worse was here! He was the same bloated, unhealthy-looking, son of Bacchus that he appeared on his arrival in Calais, and he had a leg in a state nearly approaching mortification. In fact, his surgeon told me he would owe his life—at all events the preservation of his leg—solely to the kindness of a fellow prisoner, who prevented his drinking spirits, and such no doubt was the case.

I am not able to say how long he remained in the Bench, but on his exit John Mytton—*unus ex omnibus*—appears again; but to what account shall we place the act I am about to mention, for it appears to me to want a name? It is not, however, without a plea. The heart of man has been elegantly compared to a creeping plant, which withers unless it have something around which it can entwine; but towards what a frail trellage did that of this extraordinary man yearn for its support. Walking one day over Westminster-bridge, the following dialogue occurred between himself and a female of a class which the reader will not be at a loss to name, but on whom he had never before set his eyes.

Mr. Mytton. "How do ye do?"

The Female. "Very well, I thank ye; how do you do?"

Mr. Mytton. "Where are you going?"

The Female. "I don't know."

Mr. Mytton. "Then come and live with me; I'll settle £500 a year upon you."

Here was no law's delay; no worm in the bud; no concealment feeding on the damask cheek, but love at first sight, if any love there was! The bargain being struck, the broomstick jumped over, the happy couple soon afterwards arrived at Calais, at the Crown hotel; Mr. Roberts, under such circumstances, being compelled to decline the honour of their company. But the strangest part of the affair is to come. This young woman, then only in her twentieth year, whom no doubt some scoundrel had seduced and abandoned, was not only possessed of considerable personal charms, but proved to be very respectably connected*, and conducted herself towards her protector so much better than could be expected, considering whence she was imported, and that his lusty love had gone "in quest of beauty" and not "in search of virtue," that I saw a letter to her from his mother acknowledging her kindness towards her son. But wife or mistress made no difference with Mytton. If he were not, generally speaking, a madman to a certain extent on the subject of a woman, *and, above all, of a woman he loved*, he was a monomaniac, and some extraordinary scenes were the fruits of this extraordinary connexion. The green-eyed monster played his part as usual, and at times a nod or a look was suspicion strong as holy writ.

I must hark back here for a moment. On the morrow after Mr. Mytton arrived from London, he was arrested for £25 at the suit of the holder of one bill out of four for £25 each, which he had been most improperly induced to accept in favour of a person resident in Calais, and conveyed to the prison of the town. His solicitor being then with him, there was no difficulty in releasing him to the extent of that individual sum, but it was considered expedient to detain him in custody until it could be ascertained what was become of the three other bills; when it was at length agreed that two of them should be given up, and that his liability only extended to £50. Here then appears the character of the kind hearted John Mytton, in its true light. Any man but himself would have been outrageous at this breach of confidence and good feeling, but not so John Mytton. The first step he took after his release from the prison, was to call upon he person who had caused him to be thus disgraced, and to walk arm in arm with him on the market place—lest, as he said, the affair might injure his character in the town, he being a professional man. Reader! I'll bar you from one book, and one book alone; you shall then search the pages of ancient and modern history, and I challenge you to produce me a nobler instance of a nobler heart than the one I have now given you.

* Lord Arundel, who was at this time sojourning at the Royal hotel, on his road to Italy, confirmed the respectability of her connexions on hearing their names mentioned.

But the storm soon gathers again. After sojourning a certain time at the Crown hotel, in Calais, with a score to his name of a thousand francs, he came to my house in the country to inform me he should go to England on the morrow. It was in vain that I told him he could not do so without first paying his bill, which I knew he had not, at that time, the means of doing. He, however, put himself into the Boulogne coach the next afternoon, meaning to embark from that town—having, perhaps fortunately, informed the barber who shaved him of his intentions, which intentions the barber of course conveyed instanter to the landlord—and the following day found him in Boulogne jail. Also luckily for him, his agent arrived the same day, but his creditor had previously agreed to release him, on an undertaking from Mr. Roberts, of the Royal hotel, and myself to bring him back to Calais. The landlord has since paid the debt of nature; but he was quite free from blame with regard to the steps he pursued; and Mr. Mytton was kind as usual to him on his return.

Shortly after this, Mr. Mytton and his chere amie took their departure for Lisle; and what they did at Lisle I did not trouble myself to inquire. But their return to Calais forms another interesting scene in this—I know not what to call it, but perhaps the Greeks would have called it—δρᾶμα τȣ βίȣ, or *comedy of life*. Just as I was sitting down to dinner one evening of a very hot day in August, I espied a person at the bottom of my avenue, approaching my house on foot. "Is it possible," said I, "that person can be Mytton?" Mytton, however, it was; and shall I ever forget the state he was in—shirtless, waistcoatless, neckclothless, with his trousers and coat stained with blood, as well as in a state of very great exhaustion from fatigue? Now then for his account of himself. He had set forward, it appeared, in a diligence from Lisle to Calais, but had quarrelled with Susan (his chere amie's name) at St. Omer, and refused to proceed in her company any further. When she left him behind at St. Omer to proceed to Calais, he had nearly four napoleons in his pocket; but getting into a street-row in that town, he had been well licked and robbed* of all save three Belgic sous. With this small sum he started to walk to Calais, twenty-seven long miles, and under a burning sun; but becoming dead beat before the sun set, he put up at a small public house, or cabaret, by the road side, and the account he gave of his proceedings in it was a most ludicrous one. He wheedled the old woman, he said, out of some supper; but then what was to be done for something to drink? "Why," continued he, "I can leave my clothes in pawn in the morning, so got two glasses of gin and water, gin being cheaper than brandy." On refreshing himself at

* I should rather say he had lost this money out of his pocket.

my house, and putting his person into something like a decent condition, he walked into Calais, and made it up with Susan.

The comedy is now at end—at least for the present—and something like a tragedy succeeds to it. Poor Mytton was, a few days after, again arrested for £200, being the amount of the score he had run up at a certain French hotel in London, where himself and his partner had been sojourning after the bargain had been struck on the bridge, and from whence he had been obliged to bolt in a hurry, as the bailiffs were in the house in pursuit of him. But the landlord, being a Frenchman, had recourse to the privileges of a Frenchman, and I once more was pained by seeing my friend looking through the bars of a French prison window. Here he was suffered to remain—the why and the wherefore can only be answered by his solicitors in London, as the sale of his estates had been completed—for *fourteen days;* on the thirteenth day, I thought it my duty to inform his mother of his situation; and in four days from the date of my letter she was in Calais. It would be painful to me to relate, as well as to my readers to be made acquainted with, a detail of the acts and deeds of this unhappy man during the rest of the time he spent in Calais, where his mother remained to protect him as far as it was in her power to do so. But it was brandy, brandy, brandy, morning, noon, and night, which of course drove him to madness; and a disposition to insult the French people made it necessary to remove him. England was again determined upon, where not only a prison, but the grave, yawned to receive him, and in a prison he died. Thus fell John Mytton—by nature, what God must have intended every man should be; by education, or, rather, from the want of *proper* education, nearly at last what man should not be. The seed was good; but it fell among thorns and was choked.

So soon as I was informed that Mr. Mytton was once more within the walls of the King's Bench Prison, I felt assured he would never quit them but on his bier, neither did he. But as the poet says—

> "Better to sink beneath the shock,
> Than moulder piece-meal on the rock;"

and I was happy when I heard the fatal subpœna had arrived, for adversity had exhausted her phial, and it was evident that, with the exception of the unsubdued affection of his mother, there was, for him, no balm in Gilead. It appeared that in about three weeks after his incarceration, he was siezed with paralysis of the extremities, which bade defiance to the treatment of Doctor Maton and Mr. Brodie, who indeed from the first considered it a case without hopes. It may be, however, a consolation to those who had a regard for him, to learn that his sufferings were not severe; that his mother was by his bed-side at the last, and that as

he had been conversing rationally with his medical attendants within half an hour of his decease, his life must have departed like the lamp which goes out by the last crackle. But it is astounding to think that, from the rapidity with which his lamp of life must have burnt, that he lived to complete his thirty-eighth year, As I said of him before, *Nil violentum est perpetuum.* Phaeton's car went but a day!

A brother sportsman and a brother prisoner (well known at Melton Mowbray) who, as I have before mentioned, had been extremely kind to my poor friend during his first and second incarceration, and who was a constant attendant on his sick bed, wrote me—unsolicited—some interesting particulars relating to his illness and the last scenes of his eventful life, which it gives me pleasure to make known. The "virtue of suffering well," which Johnson allowed to Savage, could by no one be denied to Mytton, whose bearing and forbearing are perhaps not exceeded by any man's; but in the opinion of his friend he took much to heart this second confinement in the King's Bench, although his proud spirit would not suffer him to acknowledge it; and he thought it hastened his end. As to his dying in peace with all mankind, how could he die otherwise who never attempted to revenge himself on any human being, but who—though his "communication" was not "Yea, Yea, or Nay, Nay"—so far from demanding the eye for the eye, and the tooth for the tooth, would have actually given his cloak to him who stole his coat—whose heart was as warm as those of half the world are cold; and whose warmth of heart had brought him into the prison in which he died! And how did he die?—As he *appeared* to live—in dread of nothing human or divine? Certainly not; although it may, tauntingly, be said, he trusted to the delusive support of a death-bed repentance. Let no man, however, venture to pronounce sentence here, but leave it to that bar at which justice will be tempered with mercy; where, unless I have formed a very erroneous opinion of Mr. Mytton, and a still more mistaken one of the attributes of Him by whom he will be judged, he will find acceptance before many who have carried a much fairer face to the world. Few receive the white garment and carry it without a stain before the judgment seat. John Mytton certainly did not: it was soiled and stained with the impurities of our nature—and with even more than can be placed to that account—and the world has no proof that they were attempted to be washed out by his tears; but I appeal to my own experience of him—to that of his brother prisoner and friend who attended him in his last days—in the hour indeed when the heart knows no guile, and in which the tongue seldom hazards an untruth, whether he did not then own to man, what he had previously only owned to his God. Although it appears he did not consider his life in imminent danger, he had the church service read to him nearly every day, and more particu-

larly on Good Friday, when he held a long conversation with his brother prisoner on the sacrament, but which, although he expressed himself very properly in his allusions to it, it does not appear he partook of. Of both his wives he spoke in the tenderest terms of affection, as also of his children by each, and expressed a strong desire to see his present wife and *all* his children together — but alas! that wish was a vain one. Immediately after his decease, a cast was taken of his features by the celebrated phrenologist, M. Deville, in the Strand, at the express request of his mother, in which it is said the character of the man is very clearly developed.

The first public notice of his decease that reached this country was contained in a very neatly written paragraph in the Globe, in which the following short, but just character was given him:—"His princely magnificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him great notoriety in the sporting and gay circles, both in England and on the Continent. His failings, which leaned to virtue's side, greatly reduced him, and he has left numerous friends to lament the melancholy fact of his dying in a prison, which, contrasted with his former splendour, furnishes a striking illustration of the mutability of mundane affairs." This account went the round of the papers, with the exception of Bell's Life in London, which inadvertently stated that he had spent the fortunes of two wives, but which the editor immediately contradicted on my authority.

It is too much the practice of the world—at least so says the satire—to adore the rising sun, and to condemn him when going down; but neither errors nor *crimes* (if such, reader, you will have them) nor adversity, could chill the grateful recollection of the splendour that had once illumined Halston, and of the many, otherwise, perhaps, sad hearts which had been warmed by its genial rays. But even independent of this, there was a tenderness and compassion of nature in both the sayings and doings of poor John Mytton, which had fixed him firmly in the hearts and affections of the people within many miles of his house, and there he remained fixed to the last. In proof of this, his funeral excited very general, indeed, I might say, almost unequalled, sympathy. The amazing number of three thousand persons were present at it—several appearing unable to stifle their feelings, and only obtaining relief by their tears. And what brought together this assemblage of persons of all conditions, even to the poorest? Not, as Shakespeare says, to

> "———— tender down
> Their services to Lord Timon; his large fortune,
> Upon his good and gracious nature hanging."

No—but to shed a tear on the bier of a man whose "large fortune" and whose "gracious nature" were no more; of a man who had died in a

jail, but of one who, with "all his imperfections on his head," would never die in their hearts or memory! But no more of this. The subject is too painful to dwell on; and I should be untrue to myself if I did not admit, that my own tears would have mingled with those shed over the grave of John Mytton, and that they have more than once mingled with the ink which has traced his devious course and marked his miserable end.

The following account of the funeral appeared in the Shrewsbury Chronicle:—

FUNERAL OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, Esq.

We last week announced the death of this gentlemen. His body was conveyed from London, where he expired, to this town, with all solemnity. On passing through the town, many of the shops were closed; and crowds assembled to take a last look on his bier, and pay the homage of a sigh to the memory of John Mytton. We rejoice to say that, before his death, the consolations of religion had been eagerly resorted to, and afforded him both comfort under affliction, and hope in the prospect of eternity.

A hearse with four horses (driven by an attached servant of the deceased), a mourning coach and four, and another carriage, formed the melancholy cavalcade through Shrewsbury. On the road to Oswestry, every mark of respect was paid; and at the Queen's Head, the corpse was met by a detachment of the North Shropshire Cavalry (of which regiment the deceased was Major) who escorted them to the vault in the Chapel of Halston, where the remains were deposited at three o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. The procession was exceedingly well arranged under the direction of Mr. Dunn, of London, assisted by Messrs. Hanmer and Gittins, of this town, and entered the domain of Halston in the following order:

Four Trumpeters of the North Shropshire Cavalry.
Capt. Croxon and Capt. Jones.
Thirty-two Members of the Cavalry.
A Standard of the Regiment covered with Crape.
Forty-two Members of the Cavalry.
Adjutant Shirley and Cornet Niccolls.
Mr. Dunn (undertaker) and Mr. Gittins.
Two Mutes.
Carriage with the Revds. W. Jones and J. D. Pigott.
Two Mourning Coaches and Four, with the
Pall-Bearers.

Hon. T. Kenyon.	A. W. Corbet, Esq.
R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P.	J. R. Kynaston, Esq.
J. C. Pelham, Esq.	Rev. H. C. Cotton.

The Hearse, drawn by Four Horses, with
THE BODY,
In a Coffin covered with Black Velvet, with massive Handles richly ornamented, the Plate inscribed

" JOHN MYTTON, Esq. of HALSTON,
" Born 30th of Sept., 1796,
" Died 29th of March, 1834."

(The Hearse was driven by Mr. Bowyer, the Deceased's Coachman, who, with Mr. M'Dougal, another Servant, attended him in his last moments).
Mourning Coach with two Mourners, the Rev. E. H. Owen (Deceased's Uncle), and the Hon. and Rev. R. Noel Hill.
Mrs. Mytton's Carriage.
Lady Kynaston's carriage, with Mr. W. H. Griffiths and Mr. Cooper.
Carriage of A. W. Corbet, Esq.
Carriage of the Rev. Sir Edward Kynaston, Bart.
Carriage of the Rev. E. H. Owen.
Carriage of R. A. Slaney, Esq. M. P.
Carriage and Four of the Hon. Thomas Kenyon.
J. Beck, Esq. in his Carriage.
Dr. Cockerill and Lieut. Tudor, in Carriage.
Carriage of T. N. Parker, Esq.
Carriage of W. Ormsby Gore, Esq.
Carriage of the Viscountess Avonmore.
Several Cars, &c. with Friends.
Mr. Broughall, Agent.

About One Hundred of the Tenantry, Tradesmen, and Friends on Horseback, closed the procession. Among these were Messrs. Longueville, Cartwright, Bolas, Hughes, J. Howell, S. Windsor, J. Williams, Morris, Griffiths, Venables, D. Thomas, W. Francis, R. Edwards, Farr, Blandford, Rogers, Davies, &c. &c.

The mutes were old men, brothers, John and Edward Niccolas, of Whittington; the latter was mute at the funeral of the deceased's grandfather; John was mute at the grandfather's funeral, the father's funeral, and at that of Mr. Mytton.

A mourning peal was rung at Oswestry, and the bells of Shrewsbury, Ellesmere, Whittington, Halston, &c. tolled during the day. The number of spectators was immense, and the road along which the procession slowly moved was bedewed with the tears of thousands who wished to have a last glance. Everything was conducted with the greatest order; but there was a great rush to enter the chapel on the body being taken out of the hearse. The body was placed in a shelf in the family vault, under the communion table of Halston Chapel, surrounded by the coffins of twelve of his relatives.

The family of Halston is an ancient one; and the inhabitants of Shropshire and Wales are attached to it from many old historical, personal, and feudal recollections.

Halston is called in ancient deeds *Haly Stone* or *Holy Stone*. Near it stood the abbey, taken down above a century ago. Meyric Lloyd, Lord of some part of Uwch Ales, in the reign of Richard I. would not yield subjection to the English government, under which the hundred of

on this earth*. Poor Mytton's faults were the faults of the head, not of the heart, than which no man had a sounder or a kinder. They were numerous, I admit; but let not their number be augmented, neither let his many virtues be forgotten—and above all, remember the years in which he suffered adversity! This part of his history, however, cannot be without a useful moral. The contemplation of distress, no matter how created, corrects the pride of prosperity, softens the mind of man, and makes the heart better. Indeed, it was by such representations to the public eye that the nature of man was first polished and refined †.

The service done to the living then only commences here. By pointing out the fatal rock on which Mr. Mytton struck, a beacon is erected which might warn others—if they would see it—who are entering now on the voyage of life, and the vicissitudes of his latter days and the melancholy circumstances of his death are fearful lessons to the present possessors of what he was once master of—namely, *all that might make life desirable and happy*. That memorable position then, that good is often the consequence of evil, is once more illustrated; and, as the poet says, it often happens, when they little dream of it, that

"The sons of men may owe
The fruits of bliss to bursting clouds of woe."

Let me indulge in a few more moral reflections, as such themes do not often present themselves to my pen. Man has been represented the miracle of nature, and truly John Mytton does not give the lie to this. Perhaps no character in modern times can be found as a parallel to his, which is on one side dark and desolate; but if we turn the reverse, it is not difficult to determine on which side the balance inclines. But in human nature beauty and deformity are so closely linked, that in my opinion the character of no man can be very nicely weighed. Not only

* Vitiis nemo sine nascitur; optimus ille
Qui *minimis* urgetur.—Hor.

† I one day told Mr. Mytton, in jest, that I should write a history of his life, if I survived him. "I shall write it myself," he replied, "like Antoninus's καθ' ἑαυτον!" It will be remembered that I wrote his epitaph some years since at Halston, and it was, I am sorry to say, prophetic. It ran thus:—

"Here lies John Mytton; his short career is past,
The pace was quick, and therefore could not last,
From end to end he went an arrant burst,
Determined to be nowhere, or be first.
No marble monument proclaims his fate—
No pompous emblems of funereal state;
But let this simple tablet say,
That, upon a much lamented day,
There went to ground, beneath this mould'ring sod,
An honest man—the noblest work of God."

are there vices and virtues which bear so strong a resemblance to each other, that it is not easy to determine where the former end and the latter begin; but the virtues of some are so obscured by their vices, and the vices of others so softened down by their virtues (as in both respects was the case here) that it is next to impossible to separate the chaff and cockle from the good grain. As for reconciling such contradictions as we have here recounted, it would be vain to attempt it, unless, as Johnson, with his usual force, says, "by those inconsistencies which folly produces and infirmity suffers in the human mind." At all events, an analysis of such a character as that now in our view can only be effected by a sort of debtor and creditor account of good and evil, holding the balance with a charitable hand. But it must be said of Mytton, what Clarendon said of Cromwell, and what had been said of another more than a thousand years back, that his enemies (if he have any) cannot condemn him without commending him at the same time. His cardinal virtue was benevolence of heart; his besetting sin, a destroying spirit, not amenable to any counsel, and an apparent contempt for all moral restraint. In fact, like Charles the Fifth, who impiously asserted "there was but one Charles and one God," Mytton appeared to aim at similar notoriety, and every man pays a dear price for that. To a prodigality of heart, he added a prodigality of hand which no such fortune as his could suffice, and I am very much of Tom Penn's opinion, that "if he had had two hundred thousand a year he would have been in debt in five years." But although his extravagance might have reduced Mr. Mytton to want, he would have remained a man of unblemished integrity in rags, and nothing would have engaged him in dishonest practices. Oh, no! He had a spirit, which, it is true, was "marred in its beauty," but, in this respect, never forgetful of its own nobleness. He was faithful to his friends, an indulgent landlord, and a most kind master; and, last but not least in the novelty, with all this consideration for the happiness of others, he appears to have possessed very little for himself.

But he is now—much lamented man—safe in his urn, and let no one attempt to throw any more stones at his monument. There are specks in the sun, and straggling weeds amongst the choicest flowers; and until the sons of Adam cease to be the sons of Adam, perfection must not be expected from them. But from a retrospect of his career, let this one moral be drawn:—Life resembles wine; it must not be drawn to the dregs; and all those who, like the subject of this memoir, have it in their power to drain nature to satiety, will find out at last—as I myself have at last found out—that tranquillity of mind and health of body, which form the happiness as well as the security of life, are not to be found under the tyrant rule of passion, and *nowhere* without something like discretion to guide and direct us in our ordinary concerns and pursuits.

NIMROD'S LIFE OF MYTTON.

THE great interest that the ably written memoir of the above singular and unfortunate man excited during its progress through our pages, has made Mr. Ackermann resolve upon publishing the whole in one volume, with illustrations of the most striking of Mr. Mytton's extraordinary feats by Alken. The plates are now in hand, and the work will appear with as little delay as possible; but as only a limited impression will be taken off, to prevent disappointment gentlemen are requested to give timely orders to their respective booksellers. The volume will contain some additions to what was published in our pages.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

BY JUNGLICUS.

George Underhill, a celebrated Salopian Horse-dealer, went in 1825, over to Halston with a pair of horses for Mytton to look at, just as the latter was going out with a party shooting on his estates, and Underhill received an invite to accompany them, which he accordingly did. During their perambulations in search of game, they approached the lower pool on the estate, and Mytton, instead of going round by the bridge, preferred wading to dry walking, in order to save a short distance. Underhill, who was for going by the proper road, was persuaded by Mytton to attempt the pool with him, but refused. "George," said Mytton, "you have ridden many a hack in your life time, jump up now on my back, and I'll carry you safe over." With much reluctance the horse-dealer humoured the Squire's whim, determining within his mind not to be *done* if he could help it; when they reached the middle of the pool, Mytton purposely fell backwards and soused his rider under the water, but he did not easily escape himself, for Underhill completely pulled him under, and prevented his getting away so quickly as he expected. At length Mytton extricated himself from the other's grasp, and left Underhill to get out as well as he could.

Returning home to dinner, Mytton, in revenge for his ducking, contrived to make the horse-dealer dead drunk, and having got him to bed, locked the door upon him, after having turned loose in the room a bag fox, three terriers, and two cats. A diabolical noise now ensued, the yelping of the dogs in full cry, which were in chase of the fox and cats, was heard over the whole house thoughout the night, and Underhill, by the repeated tramplings he got was at length awoke by the intruders. The clattering under and over the bed, with the dashing upon the drawers and about the room, quite bewildered the old man, whose senses were but partially recovered from the night's debauch. He could not make out what was the occasion of the disturbance, and sitting up to discover the source of this annoyance, was nearly blinded, by the fox making a dash right against his face followed by two of the dogs, just as the other terrier had seized one of the cats who was squalling and spitting like wildfire. Being a superstitious man, he imagined the room was haunted, and covering himself up in the bed-clothes, kept close under them till day break, when the billigerents having nearly tired each other out, were lying exhausted in different parts of the room, the two cats, having contrived, though sadly mauled, to ensconce themselves in the bed-hangings. The state of affairs being now apparent, he jumped out of bed, and

endeavoured to get out of the room, but his efforts were unavailing. His sudden appearance scaring the cats from their hiding place, the chase began anew, and he found himself in a worse predicament than before. Bellowing out as loud as he could, he brought some of the servants to the door, who told their master of Underhill's fears, and he coming to the door, wanted to know why Underhill disturbed the house at such an unseasonable hour, and calling him a drunken brute, told him to lie quiet. Finding entreaties of no use, Underhill dashed under the bed clothes again, thus allowing the animals a free range over him. Being at length liberated, he made the best of his way home, and would never enter the house afterwards, for he had been served a similar trick before with the bear, as well as having nearly lamed himself from a fall which happened in the following manner. Underhill being *fou*, was shewn up into one of the attics, where there was a stump bedstead. Several beams ran across the room, which gave Mytton an opportunity of playing off one of his practical jokes. When Underhill was asleep, Mytton ordered his servants to lash the bedstead up to the beams with ropes and left him there. Waking suddenly, Underhill, in getting out of bed, had a severe fall to the floor, yet luckily escaped without serious injury,—though he roared out lustily that his neck was broken.

On the road from Knutsford, where he had been giving his evidence against the 'thimble-rig' men, who had assaulted and robbed him, when a few miles from Warrington where the post boys pulled up to water their horses, Mytton took a dose of the usual stimulus, and whilst the drivers were refreshing themselves inside the house, he took from the carriage-pockets a brace of pistols, which were loaded with ball, and abruptly turning to his footman, asked "what will you bet me, Thomas, that I do not hit the lantern?" it having been brought out by the Ostler and left near the door. The man replied, "you are so certain of hitting it that I'll not wager anything," Mytton fired, though several persons were about, and missing the light, the ball struck the step of the door and rebounding, grazed one of the postillion's hands, who was of course much alarmed. The bullet lodged deep in the wall of the passage, providentially doing no further mischief. The cup won at Knutsford by the horse Halston, being, as was customary, placed on the billiard table for a day or two, for the inspection of his people, upon his return from the trial, attracted Mytton's notice. It seems he did not fancy the workmanship, or something about it, though a very splendid one, and as such caught hold of it, exclaiming, he would not keep such a d——d thing in his possession, and acting literally upon the adage, *bis dat, qui cito dat*, dashed it twice upon the floor. The butler and footmen who were present wished to take the cup away, and remarked to each other, that it was plain the Squire had a cup too much. Though spoke in an under tone, Mytton heard it, and took up the battered cup which he let fly at the men, swearing he would serve them the same if they did not hold their tongues, it was his cup, and he should do what he pleased with it. So careless was he of property that upon another occasion when a friend was praising a female portrait of one of his ancestors, he caught up a pistol, and observing, "she was a fine bust," immediately fired through the canvas, out of sheer wantonness.

Some years back, in company with a young friend out shooting at Habberly, we crossed one of his fields, and were accosted by a keeper, who took our address, and preferred a complaint against us to the Rev. Mr. H——. He wrote to Mytton to that effect, at the same time wishing to know if he should proceed in the affair, and requesting a few days coursing. The note was handed to Mytton just as he was going to the Ellesmere ball; upon reading which he exclaimed, "Here's a good one; this d—d old parson is receiving an information against two boys for crossing one field, and at the same time wants to course on the same land himself. I'll see him at the devil before he gets leave from me." A friend of mine stated the whole case afterwards to him; upon which he replied, "I don't notice such trifles."

It was said of him that he was never known to shed tears; this, however, is not the case. Having everything that he could desire when he came of age, it is astonishing how he could have so blindly and wilfully dashed away his very character and well-being; for, instead of having, with all his advantages, as Juvenal says, the *mens sana in corpore sano*, the former was entirely vitiated, or he never would have attempted to contest the county of

Salop with Sir Rowland Hill, after having rendered himself obnoxious to the surrounding electors by his associating with—to say the least of them—very queer companions. At the last time he offered himself as a candidate for the county, B——n of S——d seconded his nomination. Being about to address the mob collected around the windows of the Crown, he took B—— upstairs, and after introducing him to a young man, who appeared to be his amanuensis, stated what he was about to say. B——n, after hearing the subjects he intended to expatiate upon, told him, "It was a great pity he meant to say anything relating to Mrs. Mytton and their separation," which had then taken place; "for his own good sense must tell him that his audience were not fitting judges of the case, and it ought to be allowed to sink into oblivion." Mytton was so forcibly struck by the bluntness of the remark, that he seized B——'s hand, and actually burst into tears, saying, he "was a most unfortunate man, and had ever been such; that he was then standing as a candidate for the county, and, God knew, this," said he, (pulling out of his pocket about fifteen or sixteen shillings) "is all I have to defray my expences." He then addressed the crowd; and, getting excited with his arguments, called for a hammer, and, taking the colours he wore off his breast, nailed them outside the window frames, saying he would never give in the contest while they remained fast. He then contrived to make a portion of his party drunk, and sent them to Lord Hill's column to pull down Sir Rowland's colours; which was done in defiance of all opposers. A friend of his, coming in with the news, who was without any party-colours, was asked by him why he did not wear his colours; replying he had none Mytton turned up his sleeve, and tearing away part of his shirt (a blue and white one) gave it to him, telling him they were his election colours. His men having returned from their exploit, were followed by the opposite party; and one of the principal fighting men of the latter, who had just arrived, was sending all his enemies, like chaff, to the right and left, and bearing down everything before him "like a giant in his strength," challenging all around; but the great and mighty are sometimes easily tamed, as it soon proved. The 'Squire listened awhile to this terror of the crowd, and, descending to the street, told the "man of mettle," to stand before him. No sooner had the other put himself in fighting array than Mytton levelled a tremendous blow at his antagonist, which soon made him bite the dust. The man returned three or four times to the scratch with similar results, for his prowess availed him nothing; and, at length, he allowed himself vanquished.

One Shrewsbury hunt, when Mytton kept hounds, the fixture was at Twemlows; but the morning proved so dreadfully boisterous that the field were obliged to seek shelter until it cleared up. Instead, therefore, of remaining at the covert side, an adjoining farm-house was sought, and every stall, shed, and hovel was made available to shelter the animals from the storm. Mytton, finding two or three housed under a shed where a bull was tied up, began to annoy it to the utmost. The animal, bellowing with rage, plunged and kicked to get loose, and the inmates were obliged to decamp with their horses, while fears were entertained by the rest for the safety of their steeds, should the bull have broke away. It was on this day that he discovered the qualities of his famous chesnut horse, Oliver. Slapping at a brook, he could not get over; but seeing the Whip manage it, he called out to him to jump off, and, getting on the horse, observed, "I think the master ought to be best mounted." There were only six going out of a field of 120 when this occurred. He never backed Oliver before this day, and would never allow any one else to mount him afterwards, keeping him exclusively for his own riding.

Passing through the town of Wem, on his return from hunting, he rode up to the door of a friend's house, and, dismounting, said to the owner, "This is warmer than the Hawkestone Hills; do allow me to have my horse brought in, he'll enjoy it as much as myself." The person, well acquainted with his eccentricities, consented; and Mytton brought the horse in before the fire, exclaiming, "There, d—n it, that is better than being on the hills." After remaining a short time there, he coolly mounted in the room, and rode home.

He drove his horse Sportsman furiously up to the Spread Eagle, at Wrexham; and, having had refreshment himself, gave the animal a bottle of mulled port: the consequence of which was, that the horse dropped down in the shafts before they got to Ellesmere, and died soon after.

Drawn & Etched by H. Alken.

A new Hunter — Tally ho! Tally ho!

deavouring to escape from his inveterate persecutor, by jumping about the room, knocked out the lights. It was at this critical moment that 'mine hostess' knocked at the door, which Mytton opened. As all the servants had tried previously to make themselves heard, they were in the passage awaiting their mistress's orders, and she perceiving the room to be quite dark, was entering the door with the only light there, when Jacko indignant at his ill usage, bolted right out into the passage. No sooner did she perceive the enraged animal rush as she imagined towards her, than uttering a piercing shriek, she dropped the candle and swooned; and the servant who rushed forward to save it, was floored by the monkey, getting between his legs. Being now in complete darkness, he endeavoured to extricate himself, by kicking, but Jacko soon got loose and imprinted his teeth on his opponent's supporters, who instantly roared out "murder." The others not knowing what to apprehend, for the fallen man, though he felt, had not seen, his enemy, quickly took to flight. Suddenly the foremost fugitive felt something spring upon and firmly cling to her shoulders. This fairly settled her, for the *manus levitur imposuit* she found herself unable to get rid of, and throwing herself down upon the landing, in an agony of fear, gave vent to her screams. More terrified than ever at the girl's noise, the others in their haste to pass, fell over her, and the concert was at full pitch, "Lor a mercy," squalled one, "The devil," roared another, and sure enough if he had appeared there *in propria personæ*, confusion could not have been worse confounded. The yells of the performers combined with Mytton's view halloo, having brought out all the would-be-sleepers from their dormitories, and a light being procured, a pretty scene of riot and disorder presented itself to the eyes of the astonished guests. The monkey having made his escape down stairs, no one could tell what had been the occasion of all these disturbances, and various versions were given of the appearance—as some said—of his Satanic majesty. Mytton, who little expected such a scene, enjoyed it heartily, and kept the *pauvre Italien* in the back ground. It being necessary to get more lights, Cookey was deputed to go down to the kitchen in company with another servant for candles. As she was entering the door, she observed some dark object jump on the dresser, which commenced chattering at her. Her fears having been already aroused, she felt convinced that some supernatural being had taken possession of her *sanctorium*, and not being willing to combat the powers of darkness, rushed up stairs, terror lending her wings, and screamed to the utmost pitch of her voice, her companion adding a *running* accompaniment. This second *bravura in alto* roused the retiring guests and servants once more, but nothing positive could be elicited from the girls, whose fears had magnified the dark object into an immense being with fiery eyes. While some of the gentlemen who had put up there were dressing, in high dudgeon, at such repeated annoyances, a council was held on the stairs by the affrighted servants, who after assisting their mistress to her room, were discussing the nature of the apparition. They were however soon sent to the right about by a loud crash in the kitchen, which to their ideas fully confirmed what had been stated by Cookey. The coast being now clear, Mytton hurried the Italian down stairs, who soon got Pug in his arms and made his exit, heartily glad of having escaped from such a *bruissement*. Mytton had scarcely got back to his room, before some of the gentlemen descended, and discovered the kitchen strewed with fragments of plates and dishes. How they were broken, none could tell, for Mytton had retired, and his servant, who had been dismissed when he first came in, knew nothing of it until the morning, when he heard the most outrageous reports relative to the nocturnal alarm. The breakage was easily accounted for, as the plates piled in one another had been left on the dresser, and Jacko, during his evolutions, jumped against and upset them. These were not the only damages Mytton had to pay, for before Jacko got

out of the room in which he commenced the entertainment, he had smashed nearly every thing that was brittle. The hurt of the servant also called for some remuneration, as well as for the alarm given to the others, which was settled before Mytton started for home.

Mytton's butler, who had a good berth of it, came in at times for some queer knocks. He had once boasted that no one should rob him, and having been receiving some money from Mr. L. J—— of Oswestry, was returning home by the Ellesmere road. On approaching the green gates, he was suddenly stopped with "Stand and deliver, or I'll let daylight through you." The suddenness of the demand, with the determined bearing of the robber, caused his courage to ooze out at his fingers' ends. "Have mercy on me," exclaimed he, and with much meekness suffered the loss of his watch and money. When he got home, Mytton was taking some refreshment, and seeing him in an agitated state, enquired what was the matter? Being obliged to confess the loss, it being Mytton's money, he told him he had resisted until overpowered; when Mytton producing the watch and cash, asked him if he was not a pretty fellow to let a single person rob him. Like Jack Falstaff, he then pretended to be the 'valiant lion that knew the lawful prince.'

He often made races among his servants, and sometimes joined in them himself. Being engaged in a contest of the kind, with the above butler, who was not then aware of his practices, the Squire being blown, suddenly stopped, stooped down, and complained of a pain in his bowels. The butler, who had the lead, came back to see what was the matter, and got upset for his trouble. Mytton instantly started afresh, reached the goal, beat him hollow, by the *ruse*, and laughed at his credulity.

Of Mr. Mytton, as a rider, I need not say much, for he was as well known as the statue at Charing Cross. It may however be remarked that his horses seldom stopped with him, though the ground was ever so unfavorable or the fences ever so large. He was once out with his hounds, mounted on a favorite entire brown horse, and took a double sunk fence, or what is commonly called an oxfence with ditches on either side, which measured upwards of ten yards, from hind foot to hind foot. Those who witnessed it thought him flying. Both rider and horse got over safe, and continued on through an excellent run taking, as usual, every thing before him, over a very difficult country. On his return from hunting he frequently crossed the canal, near his mansion, when mounted on his Oswestry Lass, or the famous Hit or Miss mare, but his horse Baronet, and others of his stud, when he attempted it, plunged and soused him too much. The above-mentioned horse was Magnet, purchased by him of Sir Bellingham Graham. Its powers being once the subject of discourse, after some controversy, Mytton said "Fancy his weight and strength, what's to stop him? why he'll go through h—l." A gentleman present remarked, "I should be sorry for either you or I to be on him there." "Why?" For fear of the d—l laying an embargo on us." "He be d—d," says Mytton, "keep to the horse, you'll be safe enough, he'll kick the d—l's brains out."

Among some of his whimsicalities, it has been noticed that when any important race was to come off, he would generally give his jockey (Whitehouse,) a kick on the breech, "for good luck," just as he was going to mount. Nimrod remarks in his Life of Mytton, the enormous expense the latter went to in stocking his preserves. In addition to the regular dealers mentioned therein, the keepers of many estates around were strictly enjoined to save all vermin they should catch, thus men poured in weekly with bags of fitchets, stoats, polecats, &c., without number. The money thus expended must have amounted to a very heavy sum during the year. He also purchased a tiger in London, for the purpose of having a *Tiger Hunt in England*, but not being able to get it conveyed to Halston without great inconvenience, he was obliged to dispose of it at a great discount, or there is no doubt he would have been mad enough to have started the beast, let what would have been the consequence.

"Stand and deliver."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

BY JUNGLICUS.

Mytton, though generally victorious in his pugilistic encounters and larks, sometimes met with awkward customers. Being at the Essex Hotel, Boothby-street, in the Strand, with a naval captain, who could not credit the assertion Mytton made relative to the cholera, it so irritated him, that he exclaimed, "Aye, what! Do you intend to dispute my word? I don't like to strike any man sitting, but (suiting the action to the word) take that, and be d—d to you." The gallant tar speedily arose and came up to the scratch. The coffee-room was soon cleared for action, and a regular set-to occurred. At length Mytton was worsted, and sat down, while his antagonist strode the room, challenging any one who sided with Mytton. The valet having taken care of his master during the affray, came in for his share of the abuse, and was soon embroiled with the reefer. To it they went, and Mytton, getting on his legs again, soon floored the Captain. The landlord at last restored peace, but firmly refused to let them have any more brandy and water, which caused the belligerents to pledge each other in pure water, shake hands, and retire to bed.

His irascibility led him into various acts which touched his purse. When travelling from Warwick Races in 1827, he slept at Birmingham. The next morning, posting it to Chillingham, through Wolverhampton, in company of his friend Charles G——d, he complained of the slow rate at which they were going, though the post-boys had "put on the steam" to thirteen or fourteen miles an hour. After exhausting his stock of abuse, he abruptly desired them to stop, got out, thrashed, and put them inside the carriage, mounted the horses with G., and dashed forward. The proprietor of the Royal Hotel, to whom the cattle belonged, soon perceived, from the appearance of the boys and horses, what had occurred, and wrote to Mytton about it, who very properly compromised the affair by a liberal sum, for the boys were very much bruised, and the horses completely knocked up.

He once, when a mere boy, flogged his servant, who was a strapping fellow, for displeasing him in some manner, when they were out hunting on Lyth Hill.

Mytton's fox-hounds once met at Pimhill, about five miles from Shrewsbury, on the Ellesmere road, and an unfortunate wight of a baker was not only attracted there, but got in the way with a basket of rolls. No sooner did the squire perceive this, than giving a view halloo,

he rode up to the fellow, dashed the basket off his head, and let the hounds eat the contents, telling the man, "I'll teach you bakers to come hunting again." He however paid the amount of damage done some time afterwards.

In the commencement of the season 1825, Mytton sent for Sir B. Graham's huntsman, Will. Staples (now with Sir R. Hill), who having recently arrived in the county, was a stranger to all the covers around. The fixture being appointed for the next day, Staples wished to view the part to be hunted, and went to Mytton, who mounted him on the "Hit or Miss" mare, while M. rode the chesnut horse "Milo." Mytton pointed out the different places as they passed, until arriving at a field about three miles between Halston and Aston, he said they must cross the river Perry near the church, and from thence proceed round the little plantations down to the "Decoy," belonging to Lloyd, of Aston, at the same time pointing out a line of eight or ten fields, which was to be taken. Putting out his horse at a dashing pace, Mytton took the lead, and clearing all obstacles in his way, evidently wished to try the huntsman's mettle, until arriving at the sixth or seventh fence, Mytton, by crossing Staples, caused the latter to swerve to the right. The field in front appeared beautifully even and green, Mytton took the leap, and Staples about twenty yards to the right followed his example, when to his utter amazement he found the ground give way, and his mare stuck up to her quarters in a bog. Mytton, on *terra firma*, drew up, and laughed immoderately at Staples, who was endeavouring to extricate himself, and at the same time said, "I did not think you had been such a d—d fool after crossing Leicestershire; you should 'Look before you leap.'" On their return the horses were in a worse condition than if they had been out the whole day hunting. When they had dismounted, Mytton took Staples and Jack Wrigglesworth with him in a boat to get some fish for dinner. Arriving in the middle of the pool, he, by swaying the boat from side to side, filled it with water, and thereby obliged his companions to jump out and make the best of their way to the bank, twenty or thirty yards off. Mytton was forced to assist Staples out, or the frolic might have proved fatal.

Another time he took his old groom, Tinkle, with him in the boat, to remove the weeds in a part of the pool. Upon landing he desired Tinkle to throw the weeds a little farther distant from the verge of the water, and said, "You old fool, you are letting them fall in again." While Tinkle was stooping on the brink of the pool, Mytton, who was close behind him, took the opportunity, seized him by the breech, and pitched him head and ears over into the water. The water plants were so thick that the poor fellow became entangled in them, and Mytton was eventually obliged to jump in, and help him out. He sent the man home, at the same time telling his valet to look to him and let him have *lots of brandy*.

Mytton used to give his tradesmen and establishment a dinner at Easter, and when returning from the Chapel at Halston, on one of these festivals, he overtook some of his workmen, who had been, like himself, listening to the discourse of the chaplain, and told them he would serve Owens (the chaplain) out before he got to the Hall. Being near the side of the pool, "This fine day," said he, "causes the fish to bask on the top of the water, a very unusual thing at such a season." "Where?" said Owens, who had just come up to the spot, and was eagerly looking for the fish, "let's have them caught for dinner." "There," replied Mytton, getting suddenly behind, and tripping him heels over head into the water, telling him at the same time to "be sure and bring out all he caught." Owens was quickly got out by the bye-standers, minus his hat, which had got under some ice in the middle of the pool that had not thawed. "'Pon my word, sir, you are too bad!" exclaimed Owens, amid the laugh of those assembled, and turned to look after his hat. "What have you lost, Owens?" said Mytton, with the greatest nonchalance, "your hat? Never mind your hat so as the head is not in it.'

At Knutsford Races, in 1829, (where he went to see his horse Halston run for the Cup, which he won, with stakes amounting to 350*l.*,) at night, in one of the lower gambling houses, where he had been playing at the "thimble-rig," or some such game, and had been fortunate enough to win 11*l.* The "swells," on the look out, saw him put it into his coat-pocket, and therefore watched him out for the express purpose of robbing him of his gains. The party followed, and waylaid him in the same street, and first attempted to trip him up, but in this they failed. They next tried to pull him into another "Hell," near the spot where they surrounded him; but one of them, pulling at his skirts, tore the pocket with its contents away, and Mytton became liberated by the party. Not so the fellow who had robbed him, for Mytton turned hastily round, and seized the rascal by the collar, and, spite of all the blows levelled at him by the party, he detained him until assistance arrived. In this "street row," his wonderful activity and strength alone preserved him from being nearly murdered.

Being rather late one morning at starting to meet the hounds, he and Walter G——d taking a post-chaise and four, thought to arrive in time by directing the post-boys to go by a certain lane at *Steele*, near the Twemlows (a favourite meet in Sir Rowland Hill's country). There having been a heavy rain just before, the road was rendered impassable, and notwithstanding the remonstrance of the drivers, Mytton would persist in going on. At last the chaise stuck fast. Mytton perceiving it impossible to get any further, and not being able to procure a hack, took one out of the carriage, and his companion doing the same, away they went as fast as they could, and arrived in time at the Cover-side, with the traces dragging after them, to the no small amusement of the field assembled.

When out with Mr. Walford's (of Cronkhill) harriers, he observed a hard-thrusting good-going young farmer along with them. Mytton determined to ride at him, and taking a big fence into some spring wheat, was getting rid of his opponent, who on seeing this roared out, "Ware wheat,! wheat! Mr. Mytton, for God's sake don't ride over the wheat!" Mytton immediately pulled up; the *ruse de guerre* succeeded, the young farmer was up with him in an instant, saying, "Now come along, Mr. Mytton, come along." He was soon beaten off a second time, and when Mytton was about thirty yards a-head, he jumped over a high quick fence into a gravel pit, some nine or ten feet deep, whether by accident or on purpose we must leave the reader to guess, but considering the hairbreadth escapes he was constantly incurring, we may perhaps surmise that it was a voluntary action. The farmer following close at his heels jumped in after him, and though unharmed, was terribly frightened, and commenced finding fault with his leader for not warning him of the danger. Mytton replied, "My good fellow, we are now quits; you stopped me in the wheat-field, and I have now stopped you in the gravel-pit; but keep quiet, we shall have lots more company just now." On hearing some of them approach, he drew the farmer aside, repeating his caution, and the next moment two more came tumbling, who did not escape so well.

Having made the blacksmith, Thomas Tudor, completely tipsy, he was put to bed. Mytton then piled up against the man's door a plough, harrow, and tumbrel wheel, in such a way as to fall in upon any person who opened it. The man narrowly escaped injury in the morning.

If the bell was not quickly answered upon Mytton's returning late to Halston, he would break through the shutters and smash the glass to effect an entrance. From the number of breakages the carpenter had a fine life of it in repairing doors, shutters, locks, &c. The larder door was particularly the object of his attack, for when he returned and wanted some refreshment he cleared all before him. One night in particular he could not get in, for all were asleep, and after ringing the bell several times, he contrived to kick through a pannel in the hall door, and crept in at the aper-

ture. The noise awoke the butler and footman, then sitting up for him, who had fallen asleep on their post. Mytton asked them how he got in? They did not know, but supposed through the pannel, as the door was in pieces. "Aye," replied he, "that is the readiest way when the door is locked."

Coming one evening from Oswestry, after dining at the Yeomanry Cavalry mess there, he had drove a carriage with a pair of horses, which he lashed into full gallop, and never stopped until within three miles of Ellesmere, passing the gates turning up to Halston without notice; then pulled up, turned back, and dashed down a steep hill called the Brow Bank at the same tremendous rate. Turning towards the house, he drove round the road, passing the door several times, breaking some iron hurdles, and drove into the yard, without the least injury to either carriage or horses, though greatly to the alarm and danger of Col. F——r, Mr. Lloyd F——r, and Mr. St. J—n, who were inside, and expected to be capsized every minute.

He would often ride up the twelve steps at Halston front door, round the billiard table, and make his exit at the back. Once he rode a black pony up stairs into the chaplain's bed-room, at eleven o'clock at night, but down again he could not get him. The pony was left up there that night with the groom.

A bag fox was once turned out before his hounds at dark, and a great part of the pack were missing for several days.

Having purchased a lot of draught hounds, from a pack that had been given up, an Irish gentleman offered him 500*l.* for them, which he refused, but played a game of billiards for the amount, and, losing it, the gentleman got the hounds in lieu of the money.

(To be continued.)

What! never upset in a gig?

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ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

BY JUNGLICUS.

The Shavington Day, as it was called, which made so much noise in the sporting world at the time, was advertised to come off a full month previous to its taking place, and the evening prior thereto, the villages, for many miles around, were crammed with visitors. Mytton was among the assembled host, many of whom found it difficult to get lodgings of any kind. He, however, accompanied by Mr. C. T. J.——s and Captain O——n of the Woodhouse, having secured quarters some time previous, drove up to the White Lion, at Whitchurch, where he dined. They then went over to the kennels at Wrenbury, to see the rival packs, and afterwards adjourned to the Cock Inn, where several bottles were discussed. After seeing a main of cocks fought there, they returned to Whitchurch about one o'clock in the morning, when another bottle was cracked, and his companions went to bed. As he was going up stairs, he perceived one of the bed-room doors open, and, the spirit of mischief being predominant, he entered, and found an acquaintance fast asleep. A wash hand basin full of water being very convenient, he took it up and slapped the contents into the sleeper's face. A gurgling, piercing cry was soon changed into vociferations of "Murder!" and that soon altered into querulous notes of altercation. "What are you about, Mr. Mytton, what the h—ll are you about?" exclaimed the half drowned man. "I have come to drown you unless you'll come down and drink," said the tormentor, and nothing would do but go down he must. As the wet garments required changing, Mytton agreed to his going down to the fire; and no sooner was the gentleman's back turned, than his bed was rendered totally unfit for him to sleep in. This feat finished, Mytton went to the door of Sir Edward S——e's room, and endeavoured to get admittance, which was refused, for the occupant was *wide awake* to his pranks. Finding he could get no one to join him he laid down for the night.

Though up so late, Mytton was at the fixture in good time on the "Hit or Miss" mare, with his two companions, whom he had mounted on The Devil and Highflyer. The meet was at Lord Kilmorey's, at the close of the season, and nearly 2,000 horsemen were out on this day, for as it was a trial of speed, &c., between three packs,* viz., the Woore, the Cheshire, and the Shropshire, the crack riders of those counties were determined to test the bottom of their respective competitors for the brush. Six couples of picked hounds from each of the above packs were brought forward for the inspection of the field before they were united, under the direction of three huntsmen and five whips. Will Head being senior was appointed chief huntsman, and the two others (Wells and Staples) were at his elbow to assist. The whips, though so numerous, had no sinecure berth of it, for they had enough to do to keep the hounds from being rode over, as riders of all sorts, from the "pink" on a thorough-bred to the clown on a cocktail, were present. A more noble or brilliant sight never displayed itself in the hunting field as the hour for throwing off drew nigh, for in addition to above 700 prime red coats, the

* The Woore belonged to C. Wickstead, Esq. at Betley, five miles from Newcastle-under-Lyne. The Cheshire to Sir Harry Mainwaring, Bart. kept at Sandaway head, and at Wrenbury; and, the Shropshire under the alternate management of Sir Edward Joseph Smythe. Bart.; E. W. Smythe Owen, Esq.; and William Lloyd, Esq. of Aston Hall.

carriages and equipages that came to the ground were exceeding numerous. At 11 they drew Lord Kilmorey's big wood in the Park, and found immediately; had a beautiful little ring run of about thirty minutes down to near Cloverley, and lost. The hounds now proceeded to Lord Combermere's park, where, in the sedges at the side of the noble lake, they found their second fox, which they soon killed. Another was quickly found, and at the start Mytton seemed determined to make himself conspicuous. Notwithstanding the dense crowd he had to work through, he managed to bustle past every one. A tremendous stiff sunk fence, with rails at top, near to the Jack public-house, at Corra, now appeared, and numbers who knew the spot swerved to the left. Mytton, who had made up his mind to take all that offered, thundered his famous little mare along, driving at it the rate of 20 miles an hour, exclaiming as he went, "Here goes, out of the way! Now for the honour of Shropshire!" But unfortunately for the honour of Salop in this instance he did not succeed, for though his mare was as clever a thing as ever leaped a fence, this yawning ditch proved too much for her, for she failed to get over it, partly from being so crowded. Down she came, and pulled Mytton a summerset completely over her head, and as ten or twelve horsemen close behind could not stop their horses, over they went purling and rolling over each other in a dangerous style, and one or two were severely hurt. Up Mytton got, bleeding profusely, while his mare cleared herself from danger amazingly well, and was caught immediately in the same field. Mytton mounted her again as soon as he had recovered from the shock of his fall, and as his hat had been completely crushed by the different horses who had passed over it, he rode bareheaded for the remainder of the day. The field had now become a comparatively small one, and after an hour's good run, during which time they took a circuit round Combermere of about 12 miles, passing in their course the following places: — Burleydam, Newhall, Broomhall, Marbury, and Wirswall, they whipped off, for the fox proved to be a vixen heavy in cub. After the above severe fall, Mytton was too much shook, and appeared too groggy and too much abroad to attempt anything out of the common way of fencing.

Will Head (the Cheshire huntsman), gained the laurels of the day, though the brush was sharply contested by the other two huntsmen, and indeed it was so near a thing that for a few minutes it was not known who was the fortunate man. With regard to the merits of the hounds, the Cheshire and Staffordshire men admitted that no hounds could run better than Chaunter, Orator, and Ambrose of the Shropshire pack; and though Will Staples lost the brush, he won two sovereigns from Head on a wager of whose hounds would draw first blood, as Ambrose was the first that ran into his fox; in fact, immense sums changed hands on this occasion, such great excitement having taken place, and still more numerous would the list of casualties have been had not the burst in each instance been quick, and a consequent *shaking off* taken place.

While relating his daring riding I may as well mention, that, having been to Shrewsbury Hunt ball, he returned completely half seas over, and unfortunately falling off his horse, was dragged in his stirrups some distance.

The next morning there was a meet at Atcham, and any other person than Mytton, who was ordered to keep his bed for a week by his medical adviser, would certainly not have thought of going to such a place; but *cujus contrarium verum est*, for Mytton, who was resolved to go, though bandaged and plaistered, and with his arm in a sling, mounted his horse and rode to cover. Atcham Bridge is one of the prettiest spots in the kingdom for to see the hounds "throw off," and as is usually the case after the night of the ball, it being in the Hunt week, the fixture was well attended. Mytton's severe accident was the theme of conversation, and various conjectures were afloat as to the termination of his accident, when Mytton himself appearing, put a stop to further surmises. Though considerable

surprise was manifested upon his approach, no one would needlessly give advice which they well knew would only cause a contrary course to be taken. Sir Bellingham Graham, who hunted the pack, drew Attingham Park blank, and then proceeded for the Withies, under Atcham Bridge, a small ozier bed or island, of not above 120 yards in length, by 30 or 40 in breadth, where as many as four foxes at one time have gone away on the hounds entering the same. On this occasion all the sportsmen save Mytton quitted the park by the lodge gates; he, however, to make a short cut for the Withies, took a direct line of his own across the park, and here met what to any other man on earth would have proved a poser—the formidable park rails of seven feet in height, with a descent on the further side down to the banks of the river. Disabled as he was, to the horror of several who witnessed the performance, he charged, and, almost marvellous to relate, cleared it in the most handsome manner possible. Sir Bellingham, who saw it, could not help exclaiming, "Well done! Neck or nothing. There's a man to breed from!"* And many who saw it could scarcely believe the evidence of their own eyes.

In my account formerly given of his gambling transactions, I omitted a circumstance which undoubtedly militates with what Nimrod has stated in his work, viz., that Mytton never wore pockets; facts of course speak for themselves. One evening, at a gaming table at Cheltenham, where Mytton had got *cleared out*, he wanted to borrow more of the bank, but being rather noisy and too far gone, he was persuaded to go home by Lord C—— and Mr. H——tt. Shortly after he returned, and staked a 5*l.* note, with which he subsequently won a considerable sum; and upon Lord C—— asking him where he got the note, he pulled out his coat pocket, and said it was hid there, and, accidentally putting his hand therein, he felt and drew it out just as he was about to leave the house.

The last time this astonishing man visited Halston, he came from London to Ellesmere with a Captain ——, took a post chaise and pair from thence at a late hour, and proceeded to the Hall. Having rung the bell several times to no purpose, he went to the out-door dinner bell, which he pulled, but no person then living there, his endeavours to get in were ineffectual. "I came to take a farewell look at the mansion," said he, "but there are none to receive me now. However, there must still be some at Whittington who will recognize me." On his arrival there, many of those with whom, in the latter part of his career he had associated, flocked around him and set the bells ringing for his return. The Boot Inn, kept by Jervis and his wife, (who had been for eleven years housekeeper to the 'squire), was again destined to receive the former proprietor of estates which had now passed away to other hands; still unchanged, John Mytton thought not of what the morrow might bring forth, but called for brandy, on which he quickly was floored. As

* In the Worcester Journal, in January last, the following paragraph appeared, which I append by way of showing what may be borne by a good constitution. "John Mytton Redivivus!—One day last week, young Mytton, a youth about twelve years of age, the eldest son of the late lamented Squire of Halston, was out in a very hard day with the fox-hounds, and at the dusk of evening, found himself in a turnip field, a considerable distance from home, with his pony so dead beat that he could proceed no further. The youth had too much of the inherent spirit of his father to leave his favourite, and therefore took out his handkerchief, tied it to the bridle of his pony and then to his wrist, laid down by the side of his wearied hunter, and went to sleep for the greater part of the night. On the first blush of morning, he got up, and finding his pony refreshed, proceeded home, when his appearance dissipated the alarm which had been created by his unaccountable absence. He went to bed for a short period, and in two hours from his arrival at the hall of his ancestors, was out ferreting rabbits, quite hearty and well. On being asked if he had not heard any one during the night, he said he had, and within a short distance too; and on being further asked why he did not call out and make his situation known, he replied he was afraid to do that, as he thought he should be well thrashed for being in the turnip field at that time of night." Such is the breed of John Mytton, but it is greatly to be hoped, the father's errors will not be hid from the son so that he may avoid them, for a skilful surgeon at times is required to appear cruel, in order that a cure may be effected.

soon as he found it convenient to start the next day, he proceeded to Oswestry, where he was arrested by two myrmidons of the law, yclept John Roe and Richard Doe, who had been in waiting for him some time.

His subsequent conveyance to the King's Bench Prison, and death there, are well known; and no circumstance for a length of time caused such a sensation in Salop as his funeral. The *Shrewsbury Chronicle* says, "On passing through the town, many of the shops were closed, and crowds assembled to take a last look on his bier, and pay the homage of a sigh to the memory of John Mytton."

The funeral was expected to take place about 2 P.M., but in consequence of various delays on the road it was near 4 o'clock before it arrived. The Shropshire Yeomanry met the procession at the Queen's Head, Mr. Mytton's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, officiating. The band of the cavalry, with muffled drums and covered with crape, played the Dead March to Halston Chapel, and the hearse was accompanied by immense numbers, the procession of cavalry, mourning coaches, and gentlemen's carriages reaching nearly a mile and a half, while the spectators were estimated at 6,000. This number had been gradually increasing from daylight, and was quite a harvest to the public-houses on the route, the Queen's Head in particular having sold 43½ barrels of ale (their whole stock) since 5 o'clock in the morning, as well as being completely drained in the spirit and larder line. On reaching the Chapel, a great rush was made to enter it, when the body was taken out of the hearse, and the interest manifested on the occasion was such, that, though two hours were allowed the public to see the coffin and vault, numbers still were making application to have a last look at their favorite mausoleum. When that time had elapsed, force was obliged to be resorted to ere the intruders could be ejected, which was a work of much difficulty; and so determined did they appear to witness the inhuming of the body. that the doors were closed, and bricks and mortar given through the window to the workmen employed. The yew trees around were studded with people; several boughs broke down, and some accidents occurred; nor was it until 8 o'clock that the last stragglers were cleared from the grounds.

Thus Mytton passed from the land of the living; and he who was one of the first of the sporting world is now nearly forgotten. His domains, as far as he could alienate them, passed entirely away from his family, and that family curtailed of the ample inheritance which should have descended to it;—which proves the absurdity of placing any great dependence on the fickle jade Fortune, and is an apposite illustration of the old *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

April 20, 1838. JUNGLICUS.

Drawn & Etched by H. Alken & T. J. Rawlins.

Aqua.t by E. Duncan

A nick, or the nearest way home.

(With the back View of Halston Hou

ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

JOHN MYTTON, ESQ.

BY JUNGLICUS.

During his minority, Mytton was extremely fond of tandem driving, an amusement to which all fast young ones of that day were partial. His vehicle was neat, and his *machiners* being thorough bred and in high condition, enabled him to go through the country fast enough to astonish the natives. So great was his popularity among them, that whenever they saw a carriage going along at a faster rate than usual, they immediately left off their work with the cry of "there goes Mytton," and scampered as hard as they could to the road-side to cheer him, and have a peep at "the best fellow in all England," as they termed him. Had it been the King instead of the man they looked for, they would have returned muttering "he's not half such a trump." He generally went a good fourteen miles an hour, exclusive of stoppages, in the way of spills, turn-ups, &c.* For any one who obstructed or incommoded him was sure of a bellyfull of blows, toge-

* Perhaps the most extraordinary accident which ever happened upon the road, is the following, which will not appear out of place by way of illustrating the driving of such a one as Mytton, as it is extremely doubtful whether any one's experience can furnish a parallel. On Thursday, Nov. 2nd, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the Victoria coach, which runs between Middlesborough and Whitby, started from Guisborough for the latter place, taking the low road, which leads through Skelton, Brotton, Lofthouse, &c. To those who are acquainted with that part of the country it is needless to describe the character of the road; and to those who are not, it is sufficient to say they cannot find a worse one to travel on, between the Land's-end to John O'Groat's. The hills are large and precipitous; the road rough, narrow, and crooked; and the bridges which are exceedingly steep, seem to have been built for the express purpose of intimidating travellers. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the coach, which was heavily laden, pursued its course steadily and safely, leaving behind it Dale-house, Mill-bank, Lythe-bank, and Dunsley-lane. When they had arrived at a place called Aislaby Chapel, about two miles from Whitby, the pole-chain suddenly broke, and the coach in consequence became unmanageable. The coach, after reeling a little from side to side, at length slipped off the edge of the road, broke in two a stone post of a foot in diameter, fell down a precipice between 30 and 40 feet high, rolling over in its progress three times, with all the passengers, horses, and luggage. In the inside were six passengers, and on the outside three. Mr. Hutchinson of Brotton, distinguished himself by his activity in giving aid to the poor females, who uttered the most distressing cries. As soon as the coach had finished its circumvolutions, that gentleman smashed the window to pieces, which was closed, and, effecting his escape by that outlet, proceeded to liberate the rest. A commercial traveller, of the name of Simpson, who in his gig had accompanied the coach for some distance, also rendered what assistance was in

ther with something to drink the Squire's health by way of a digestive. It was in going at this rate to Habberley to shoot once, that he capsized a friend at Pontesbury; the horse starting, leaving the broken vehicle to be drawn to Shrewsbury by a potter's horse, Mytton with great difficulty borrowing one to ride thither himself.

The first time I ever hunted with Mytton, was on the day Sir Bellingham Graham made his *debut* in Shropshire, he being about to take the management of the hounds. Sir Edward Smyth's pack met at Pytchford Hall, the seat of Lord Liverpool, and having sent my horse to bait at the Oat Sheaf public-house in the village, I went to the stable to look after him. While there, Mytton drove up in his chaise and four, and having two hunters (which had been sent over on the previous night) in adjoining boxes, he entered the stable also. Having inspected them, to my great surprise (for it was the first time in my life I had ever heard of it, though I believe it now to be a pretty general custom in Shropshire) he ordered the animals a couple of quarts of warm ale, which when they had taken, he observed, "There is nothing like that, depend on it, both for man and horse. If the poor devils only knew what they must go through for me to-day, they'd be d—d glad to swallow another such dose." Mytton then went in, and no doubt primed himself, for it struck me that as he had heard Sir Bellingham was an excellent horseman, and one who both could and would go, the above preparation was intended to keep up the animal's stamina while he endeavoured to eclipse him. Seeing so novel an expedient adopted by a man who I held in estimation as a good judge of such matters, and at the recommendation of the ostler, I ordered some for my horse. The animal, who, as far as I know, had never tasted any before, smelt it for a moment, and dipping his head in the bucket, finished it at once. Mytton soon started, followed by his second horse, and the hounds were thrown off. As numbers were out the burst was crowded, and I, though young, got a good place, which I kept for a few fields immediately in front of Mytton. Finding me, I suppose, an obstacle in his way, upon coming to a fence, he suddenly and vehemently addressed me with, "If you have any nerve to go, then pray, Sir, do! or else by G—d I'll ride over you!" which I doubt not he would have done, had I not put more steam on, and cleared myself from him.

An Irishman lately living at Whitchurch, who was rather touched in his upper works, occasionally afforded Mytton some amusement; for fool though the fellow was in many respects, he possessed a portion of that peculiar shrewdness for which his countrymen are so remarkable—and to secure his own ends, in various ways, very willingly entered into anything pointed out by the Squire, to whom he was well known by the *sobriquet* of "Paddy Wildfire." Mytton frequently mounted him on a hack, rigged out in an old left-off red coat, with a sky blue ribbon "all round his hat," or rather hunting cap, which, contrasted with the rest of his daily habiliments (that were none of the best), gave him a very singular and grotesque appearance, and consequently added to his eccentric manners. Mytton's hounds met one day at Ellesmere town-end, and Paddy considering it a good opportunity for a day's sport, and its usual accompaniment, an evening's jollification, hastened to Tinkler, and told him "the Masther said he was to have the *Divil* to ride that day." Tinkler knowing Mytton's ways so well, gave credence to Paddy's mission, but while saddling the horse asked him why he did not come and ride out with the hounds. "Fait now," replied Paddy, "I was not ready." "You should have made yourself ready," retorted the groom "Arrah! be aisy, now, will ye now Mr. Tingler, don't ye know its already done to hand, for don't the masther say I'm a ready made fool?" said Paddy. The horse being saddled, Paddy started on his back to El-

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his power, and then rode rapidly to Whitby to despatch chaises and surgical help. But the most wonderful part of this affair remains to be stated. Amongst all the passengers (ten in number) there was not one materially injured—the horses were unhurt—and the coach little or nothing damaged. The driver was thrown off in the first instance, and the coach rolled over him—he also was unhurt! An outside passenger, the master of a Middlesborough collier, was hurled with much violence to the ground, and he lay for some time without any apparent animation. The first impression was that he was dead. When his faculties were a little restored, and he was made sensible of the critical situation in which he had been placed, one of the passengers expressed a hope that he was not seriously hurt; his reply was characteristic of his profession; "Hot! what wi' syke a thing as that?" pointing to the coach; "Lord bless you, nout ivver hots me;" and he laughed and chuckled at the idea of such a contemptible circumstance as the overturning of a coach hurting a man like him. At the time this accident happened it was quite dark, and everything was viewed by the uncertain light of a lantern. The place into which the vehicle was precipitated was a deep dell surrounded by briars and bushes. The breaking of the pole-chain was the sole cause of the misfortune.

lesmere, taking good care to keep out of Mytton's sight until they broke cover. He then joined the hunt, had an excellent run, and much to the owner's surprise, there was the Devil backed by Paddy, taking the lead, never for a moment being headed by any one. When the Hibernian took the horse home, there was the devil to pay in earnest, for Mytton was much exasperated at the horse (which he wanted for another occasion) having been out, and if Paddy did not come in for sweepstakes or at the death (for the fox was lost), he at least came in for such a sweep of the lash administered by a vigorous arm, as he remembered during life, and in lieu of his expected good cheer, got locked up in one of the attics. Mytton leaving home next day without giving any orders respecting his prisoner, Paddy was forgotten until the servants heard his kicking and bellowing the next evening; and Mytton not returning until the following day, Paddy was kept in durance vile until he arrived, without being able to procure any provisions. Though the servants enjoyed the joke too well to put themselves much out of the way to procure his release, Mytton was vexed at the poor fellow's unintended long confinement, and dismissed him with a regular skinful, and a *panacea* in the shape of a note, which put Paddy *to rights*, though he never again attempted to borrow a horse for a day's sport.

Connected with the Devil, another incident occurs to memory. At the time Mytton purchased the bear he kept, a monkey was included in the bargain for 35*l*. The latter was a much more prolific source of amusement than the former, and from being frequently strapped on the backs of the dogs, and sent scampering about the house, he became used to the fun, and at length particularly fond of being mounted on the horses' backs in the stable. The monkey's *penchant* for equestrian feats did not long escape his owner's notice, and as Mytton sometimes mounted all his household, in fact every one he could find a horse for, when his *corps d' elite* were to manœuvre against a bag fox, it is not surprising that a man of his temperament should strive to elicit some sport from the mischievous animal. Accordingly the next time a fox was turned out, Monsieur Jacko was fastened to the Devil in such a manner as to prevent his falling off, yet leaving him a little freedom. The hounds being laid on the drag, and the horse loosed, away went the monkey with a small cane which had been put in his hand, and which he retained during the whole of the run of about twenty minutes. After the horse took the first fence or two, upon approaching every succeeding one, Jacko amused the field by his chattering, grinning, and monstrous distortions of countenance, the leaping part of the business appearing to discompose him too much to be pleasant, he evinced his aversion to it by his looks. The field was convulsed with laughter during the whole affair, and strange to say the horse took a line of his own, performing his part as well as if a rider had been on his back. This monkey was in the habit of drinking strong potations given to him by the grooms at Halston, and took to it so kindly that he became a regular toper. One evening, after having got a bellyful of the potent beverage he went to rest in the saddle-room. In the course of the night it is supposed he felt himself thirsty, and searching the place for something to drink found a blacking bottle. It luckily had not much in it, however the thirsty animal emptied its contents, for which he paid dearly. The draught caused him a severe illness, and had he been capable he might have sung Warren's parody on "The light of other days hath faded," for the illness terminated in total blindness. He never thoroughly got over his relish for Warren, though he still afforded a little amusement by groping about his favourite haunts, and occasioning some ludicrous accidents before his death, which occurred no great length of time afterwards.

Mytton, as his memoirs will shew, had recourse to a variety of things which are scarcely credible, yet I cannot refrain giving one that is well authenticated. Strolling one evening around his grounds, he came in contact with a beggar miserably clad, who well knowing his unbounded generosity, requested alms. Being, as usual, ripe for mischief, he desired the mendicant to strip and exchange outward garments with him. The metamorphosis was soon completed, and the man being liable to detection in Mytton's clothes, which were known for miles, he desired him to stay where he was, Mytton telling him he should have the clothes and a present of something else, provided he did not, by his appearance, interrupt the scheme he had in view. Glad of such a chance the man assented, and Mytton with his assistance was so completely disguised that it was almost an impossibility to detect him, more particularly as he had the moment before been seen at his

own table. Thus disguised, with a tattered hat hanging over his eyes, he proceeded up to the hall, and there demanded relief from his own servants. As is too generally the case with that class of persons, the upposed beggar was jeered at, and not having the least idea of the deception practised, they refused to bestow the slightest token of charity, with the exception of one young man who gave him two-pence. Mytton still further to prove their dispositions, begged some drink. This was at first refused, but after awhile, half a pint of miserable small beer, the soured dregs of a barrel, was offered him and rejected. "You fare too well," said he, "and become saucy in your situations, or you would never offer a poor famished fellow-creature such nauseous stuff, when you can get as much good wholesome beer at any hour of the day as you choose, and besides your ale at dinner, strong stingo on other particular occasions." Some of the servants upon this fought shy and withdrew, yet without discovering who it was. The butler hearing a noise, for Mytton commenced abusing the whole of the men, ordered him off the grounds with threats, and actually sent to Whittington for the constables. Mytton still refused to go, putting up with much ridicule, until the butler imprudently put his hand on his shoulder to push him away, when Mytton let drive at his ribs and sent him reeling, with bellows to mend. One or two of the most conspicuous of those who attempted to seize him, were served in a similar manner. The determined bearing of the sturdy mendicant kept the rest in awe, and they awaited the arrival of their messenger with the expected aid, for though they might have overpowered him, they possibly thought the display of the law's authority would cause him to yield without risk of their own persons. The constables having made their appearance, desired him to surrender in the King's name. They also were received with a rough salutation, and as Mytton found they were loosing the dogs at him, he dashed off to the bear, who soon knew his master. Released from her chains, Nell raised herself on her hauches to defend him. The cudgels of the constables were flourished in the air to no purpose, for Mytton and the bear set all at defiance; and the servants knowing Nell would allow no one to controul her but Mytton, soon smelt a rat. Upon Mytton's discovering himself they offered many apologies, and appeared ashamed of their proceedings, especially of the small beer business, which Mytton often reminded the butler of, to his great annoyance. The young footman, who had given him the money, was ever after kindly treated, while he upbraided the rest with their uncharitable conduct. The beggar got the clothes he had exchanged his own for, a good substantial meal, and some silver on his departure.

The tractability of the above bear with Mytton was such that he could almost do any thing with her, though she was not to be trusted by strangers. While he could ride her fearlessly into his drawing-room, among his guests, others were in danger from her ferocity, as the following account of her death plainly shews. Nell was drinking up the oil in the lamp-room one evening, which, whenever she got loose, was her custom, when the dog-feeder was desired to take her out and chain her up. This order Nell did not relish so well as the oil, and on the old man's taking her off, became unruly, seized on and mangled him dreadfully after she had got him down. In all probability he would have been killed, if the footman, with great presence of mind, had not loosed Blucher, a large mastiff, which she instantly turned upon, and gripped so fast that the dog was unable to defend himself. In the scuffle, they got her out into the yard, and Mytton hearing the noise, and what had happened to the dog-feeder, gave orders to kill her. The grooms, stable-boys, &c., with whom she was no favourite, soon flew to the attack with pokers, sticks, and stones. It was upwards of an hour's work to destroy her, for Nell fought fiercely, and died game. One of her assailants missing the stroke he aimed at her with a cudgel, got the back sinews of his leg so much injured as to confine him to his room for several weeks, and others got minor hurts. The dog-feeder was laid up for three months, but had the satisfaction of knowing that they had laid her at her length on a dung-hill in the farm-yard.

During one harvest season, Mytton went to Jones's, the Queen's Head Inn, at Oswestry, being disguised as a countryman, and begged for work. Jones, who had been well acquainted with him for years, did not recognize him in the assumed character, so well did Mytton personate the countryman. His services were hired by Jones at a stipulated rate per week through the harvesting, and after settling terms, Jones closed the bargain with a quart of strong ale. The newly engaged servant qualified it with

brandy. Dose succeeded dose, till reason was unseated, and the natural consequences developed themselves. Making some remarks upon the hostess, Jones, who had been engaged in other affairs, was called in, and a pugilistic encounter appeared inevitable. Some persons present, who had been watching Mytton, told Jones who he was, which had the effect of producing numerous apologies for addressing him in an improper way. Mytton, who by the bye, was not always to be trifled with, as we shall soon shew, took it all in good part, for he really was the aggressor, sent for his gig, and getting therein, commenced alternately lashing at and reining up the horse, which reared up so perpendicularly that the back of the gig nearly touched the ground, he then drove off to Halston at a terrific rate. A different termination to the above, took place at the Cross Keys public-house in the same place, where a man named Bolas came in while Mytton was there, who upon seeing him, from having been treated with some degree of familiarity before, exclaimed, "Ah! is that you, Johnny?" Mytton not being in the best of humours, answered, "What do you mean, sirrah? do you know who you are speaking to?" Quite unabashed at the implied reproof, the man replied, "Oh! yes, I know Jack." "Then you'll know me better in future," said Mytton, and instantly floored him, which caused others to be more respectful in addressing him, when it became generally known.

Drawn & Etched

Hyllon swims the Severn at Uppington Ferry!

"He that calls himself a Sportsman, let him follow me."

Pub.d Jan.y 1, 1837, by R. Ackermann, at the New Sporting Magazine Office, 191 Regent Street.

LETTER FROM JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. TO THE EDITOR.

MR. EDITOR,

SHOULD my friend NIMROD not be in town, be good enough to insert the enclosed; and as I own Longwaist and some fifty other thorough-bred ones—a few hunters—a few hounds—course a little—and sometimes fight a main of cocks—I hope to be able some day or other to send you some communications.

Your obedient,

JOHN MYTTON.

Halston, Feb. 17, 1826.

DEAR NIMROD,

Much indeed did I regret you had left our country, as I went to meet Graham's* hounds at the Queen's Head last Saturday. The air was rather keen, but I felt a sort of presentiment that we should have a run.

Getting to covert rather late, I found the hounds drawing the plantation and shrubberies near Aston House. These were drawn blank. We then trotted on to Babins Wood, a sure find, and belonging to that good sportsman and true friend to fox-hunting, Mr. Lloyd. Almost immediately our fox was on his legs; the hounds got well together, and rattled him most handsomely through the covert. I exclaimed, "by G—d, Lloyd, there is a scent at last!" and crossing the road, we went away at a most tremendous pace, skirting Myddleton, and running through Trenewydd coverts, across the Oswestry road, through old Oswestry, by Pentre-Pant, leaving Porkington and Oswestry race-course to our left, skirting the hills to Sellatyn. There the pace gradually declined, from the keenness of the air on the high lands. The hounds hunted their fox to admiration; and, aided in a masterly style by Graham, we ran him over an open country (all grass) nearly to Llangollen, where I tallyho'd him, and the hounds ran into him in a few seconds, after a glorious run of one hour and forty minutes. The field was smaller than usual in Shropshire, but *every one* had a start—Graham went as usual, a good one; as did Mr. Rocke, Mr. Lloyd—not forgetting Will, a superior artist in every way, especially good across a country. I was lucky in being very forward, having taken off my *curb chain* before starting, thinking that my mare had quite sufficient to carry in 14st. 10lb. without that superfluity. Your six horses are arrived in my stable, looking well. I hope you'll be back here by Monday. No sport with Sir R. Puleston at Duckington—a nice country, and his hounds to the eye perfection.

Yours ever,

J. MYTTON.

* Sir Bellingham Graham.

Drawn & Etched by H. Alken.

Mytton on Barchel clears nine yards of water.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. OF HALSTON.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot."—BURNS.

SIR,

THE following brief record of this lamented Gentleman is a tribute to which *his* memory is surely well entitled in a volume whose name was so long a leading feature in those annals to which its pages are devoted. I take this announcement of his death from one of the Shrewsbury Papers: "On Saturday the 29th March, in the King's Bench, London, aged 38, John Mytton, Esq. of Halston, in this county. This gentleman inherited large estates in Shropshire and Merionethshire, had been High Sheriff for both counties, and M.P. for this town. His great munificence and eccentric gaieties obtained him notoriety in the gay and sporting circles both in England and on the Continent; and while a few faithful friends esteemed to the last remembered kindnesses, we fear there are many partakers of his bounty who have treated him with ingratitude."

In his public capacity alone, as one whose princely fortune, whose acknowledged talent, and whose munificent support, were all lavished on those noble pastimes which are the pride of our land, thus only will I speak of "the spirit that's gone." I am not one to lend myself to those base uses and unmanly purposes to which the biography of the present day is so often prostituted. The guest of his liberal hospitality—the friend and confidant of his secret feelings, when a "cloud had lowr'd upon his house"—shall mine be the pen to chronicle the weaknesses which all flesh is heir to, or the hand to lift the veil of "the holy of holies," the sacred sanctuary of domestic privacy?.....forbid it, manhood!

"The evil that men do lives after them—
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Be mine then the task of friendship, to soften the asperities of the outline from which the canvas cannot be entirely free, and to place in grateful relief the many beauties which will redeem and embellish the picture!

The subject of this Memoir was an only son and a posthumous child: his only sister, who is a year his senior, is married to Mr. Lethbridge. Literally he "had never known a father's care:" born with splendid prospects, nursed in the lap of luxury and unbounded indulgence, the idol of a doating mother—to whom the humble testimony of my respect would here be offered, but that she is indeed far above my eulogy—is it a marvel that his career should be erratic whose infancy was never subjected to restraint?

"Youth at the helm, and pleasure at the prow;"

how few have escaped an early shipwreck, who, like him, have launched their fragile shallops upon the wild ocean of life, where tumultuous passion is the gale that wafts, and a thousand blandishments and allurements are the rocks and shoals that infest the stream on which they are driven! No wonder that intoxication followed the whirl of enjoyment which on his very outset awaited his reception!

His education was confined to Westminster, as he never graduated. There is a characteristic anecdote told of him when he was at that School: he wrote to the then Lord Chancellor (Eldon) —he was a Chancery ward—that as he was about to be married (he was not fourteen), he could not live upon his income—his allowance, I believe, was 400l. a year. The answer was laconic, and to the purpose.—"Sir—If you can't live on your allowance, you may *starve;* and if you marry, I'll commit you to prison!"

Soon after leaving Westminster he entered the Seventh Hussars, and was with that regiment, I believe, during its forming part of the Army of Occupation before Paris. He used to talk of those days with rapture. I remember, almost the last day I ever spent at Halston, while at breakfast in his dressing room, he took from a wardrobe a uniform jacket of the Seventh, and holding it before me, he exclaimed, "Ah ——, if this old *skin* could speak, as the Swan of Avon says, it could a tale unfold."

It was about this time that an affair occurred at Calais which created much conversation in sporting circles: I allude to his loss of a large sum, ten thousand pounds, at billiards. I have not the honour of being known to the Gentleman with whom he played that match, but I am much deceived in all I have heard of Mr. Ester, if he does not sincerely sympathise at the untimely fate of his unfortunate antagonist.

The life of a young Hussar, possessed of great wealth and ungovernable spirits, in such a place as Paris, may be easily imagined. Were I to give a tithe of all the adventures he has recounted to me of those days, I could fill a folio: but our business is with his career as an English sportsman, not with mornings at the *Café Hardi,* evenings at the *Freres Provençeaux,* or nights at the "Salon" or Frescati's.

At no distant date from his return to England, he married a lady, the sister of Sir Tyrwhitt Jones, Bart., by whom he has left one daughter. On her decease he again contracted a matrimonial alliance with Miss Caroline Giffard, sister of Thomas Giffard, Esq. of Chillington, Staffordshire: by this lady, who

survives him, he has left four children.

I almost think that had My Lord Chesterfield—not the present dashing Peer of that denomination, but the *Goth* who asked if people ever hunted twice—I say, had even *he* been born possessor of Halston, he would have been an enthusiast in field sports! It is in good truth the very *beau ideal* of a sportsman. All that Nature can do, all that Art, aided by the best taste and the most lavish hand, might achieve, is here in the prodigality of profusion. This noble residence is situate in the county of Salop, two miles from Oswestry, and about six from Ellesmere. While the far western horizon is occupied by the chain of lofty Montgomeryshire mountains, to the North and East the bold Denbighshire hills, waving with the noble woods of Chirk Castle, give it their shelter. In front to the South expands its own ample domains, rich as Tempe; and beyond again is seen that truly English landscape—

"The village church that crowns the distant hill;"

the substantial farm-house, with its well-stocked inclosures and its belt of fruit trees; the humble dwelling of the cottager trellised with rose and jasmine; and the bright water that leaps and sparkles in the sun-beam, which woos its freshness. Oh the memory of that sylvan paradise, and the happy, happy days that I have passed within it! This is indeed

"A green spot amid desert centuries,
On which the future may look back and smile."

I am not qualified to speak of the subject of this Memoir as a Master of Fox-hounds—by some fatality I never saw him with his *own* pack; still I have little doubt he was a bad Gentleman-huntsman: he was not constituted physically for it—he wanted the patience; besides he had a *knack of making fences look small*, ill-suited to the steady work necessary for getting on good terms with a "*shy customer.*" When the scent lay well, and his fox went straight, I think Brother Jonathan himself on his "flash of lightning" was no match for the Squire upon Baronet: with cold hunting and a dodging varmint, "hark back" for luncheon and cherry bounce would be the order of the day. A trifle often supplies the aptest illustration. I remember in the dining-room at Halston there hung a picture of his hounds leaving kennel; one of the whips is represented galloping after a straggler as if the fiend himself, *or a gallon of strong beer*, was under his waistcoat: the flourish of the caitiff's thong, and the glare of his eye hinted pretty plainly the custom of the hunting morn. "Like master like man" is no unwholesome adage.

The last time I saw him in the field was in the Spring of 1829. There had been a challenge between the Cheshire, Shropshire, and Mr. Wicksteed's packs, as to which could produce in every particular the best seven couple of hunting hounds. The match was made, and came off the finishing day of the season of 1829, at Shavington Gorse*, a covert belonging to the Cheshire country, well chosen in consequence of its being the most central spot for all parties. This affair created quite a sensation, and I went

* For the particulars of this match see *Sporting Magazine, N.S.* vol. xxiv. p. 56.

down from town purposely to see it. The crack riders frequenting the different packs appeared also pitted against each other, as well as the canine selection. It was a fearful spectacle, and never, until I am *in articulo mortis*, shall I forget how poor Mytton, *without his hat*, went on that day! He had his *own spurs, and another man's horse;* and, by my soul, the popular idea attaching to such an arrangement lost nothing in his hands!

I should think that no man who ever bumped upon pig-skin had been over, and through, and into such places as he had. I recollect one day, as we were strolling about the grounds at Halston, his saying to me, "Come here, old boy, and I'll shew you a rasper. At one of my annual sales an Irish gentleman came purposely all the way from Connaught to buy a hunter or two. I had a little mare *then* that jumped quickset *uncommonly* well, so I brought him to *this corner* to shew him a fly. (It was where we were then standing.) 'By J—s!' exclaimed the Emeralder, 'no *horse* could *lep* that *unless he was a bird:*' so I put her at it, you know, a *little fastish*, and over she went a good 'un!" Now mind, reader, I am no dealer in romance, but to call that place a "quickset hedge" were like mistaking the Colosseum for a cover-dish. I saw where she took off, and where she landed, and may I be d—d but it was over *a little orchard!*

Before closing this notice of him in the field, some mention should be made of his celebrated racing-hunter Habberley by Shuttlecock, his first title being Acastus, when the property of Mr. Dunn in 1821. If ever there was a case not to be refuted against Cocktail Stakes, the most barefaced of all humbugs, this horse furnishes it. That he was thorough-bred I have no doubt. Mytton always said *he bought him* as a half-bred horse: if I ever pressed him on the subject, his answer was in the words of Byron applied to the *British Review*,

"All I can say is, that *he had the money.*"

Habberley was opposed indifferently to race-horses with cocktails: at the Croxton Park Meeting in 1822, he won "the Coplow," beating two of the best of that day—Mr. Thorold's br. g *Whynot* by Ossian and Mr. Tatton Sykes's ch. g. *Kenilworth* by Mowbray, both 6 years old. There were twenty subscribers.

In the Oswestry Meeting of 1817 we find the "green and white stripe" making its *debut*, with Hazard, Langolee, and Neck-or-Nothing, but without luck. "*Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute:*" he was now fairly embarked; and in 1819 we find him with eight: still this was nothing for him; in 1822 he had fourteen in training, and in the close of that year twenty-one!

I remember once asking him in what year his turf expenses had been the greatest? Take his reply: it was that of a man whose soul was in his horses. His was no Olympiad or *Anno Domini* fashion of calculating time, but the almanac of a genuine sportsman: "I think it was the year I raced Longwaist; aye, it was: I spent *seventy thousand that year!*" That was in 1826. Still I should say that in 1823 he was in the zenith of his glory as a master of race-horses. With

such animals as Habberley, Banker, Euphrates, and about a dozen like them, he certainly stood first among the provincials.

Notwithstanding the enormous sums which he expended on his turf establishment, he was never winner of any of the Great Stakes. In the next year, 1824, he had a brown colt in the Leger, Oswestry, who was, I believe, sixth, and that was his nearest attempt. Birmingham, the conqueror of Priam, and the victor in the Great Race in 1830, was bred for him, but fell, I know not by what chance, into other hands. Taken altogether, perhaps little Banker, bought of Mr. Lechmere Charlton, was his favorite.

In 1824 Mrs. Mytton opened the ball at the Pottery Commencement Meeting, winning the 100l. Plate with Oswestry by Filho da Puta, something out of the common at that time, but no marvel in these days of the "*March*," as the Houghton of last year had the Boudoir Stakes most regularly done, with Mrs. Grosvenor, Lady Alice Peel, and Lady Chesterfield subscribers—won by the former.

Mytton was far from particular about nursing his horses. I have seen him ride Euphrates *with greyhounds* when in training; and that horse, in my mind, was the very best he had—perhaps, indeed, the best four-mile horse, *when he could hear himself going*, the last twenty years has produced. Banker won sixteen times*, Euphrates thirty-eight†, if my memory serves me right—to be sure, he had the longest period to do it in. Longwaist‡, a son of Whalebone, was purchased from Mr. Fulwar Craven, for a very large figure, purposely to win the Chester Stand Cup in 1826; for this race he was beaten by Mr. Clifton's Brutandorf, a horse certainly of minor pretensions; but I believe Mr. Craven had given it as his opinion that Longwaist was not suited to a round course—he was a lengthy animal, and we know what he had done over the straight ground at Newmarket. Still I saw him run splendidly at Preston, which is something like the rim of a basin, winning the Cup in 1828, but *he was then the property of Mr. Nowell.*

Before taking leave of Euphrates, I cannot help noting, that this prime son of Quiz won the Darlington Cup at Wolverhampton in his thirteenth year! He could not be got to run straight till after he was *castrated;* but after that operation an infant might have ridden him all his races, and steered him with a silken thread.

Dilly was Mytton's principal trainer, and Whitehouse rode most of his races which his weight permitted. As a jockey *I* never admired him: his seat is most ungraceful; he sits with his knees up and his body doubled as if ashamed of his own *longitude.* I make no insinuation against his integrity, which I believe to be irreproachable: but for other causes he is no favorite of mine. Should he see this Memoir, by calling to mind what

* For the performances, portrait, and obituary of Banker, see *Sporting Magazine, N. S.* vol. x. p. 198; vol. xii. p. 57; and *Second Series*, vol. vi. p. 332.

† Euphrates was shot on the 18th of June 1832. See *Sporting Magazine, Second Series*, vol. v. p. 352.

‡ For a portrait of Longwaist, &c. see *Sporting Magazine, N. S.* vol. xvi. p. 321.

occurred at Knutsford when he had mounted Halston for the Cup in 1830, he will, perhaps, find no difficulty in understanding my meaning.

Halston, a son of Banker, was an extraordinary good horse, *when fit to go:* his style of winning the great Cup at the Liverpool Meeting in 1831 was a proof of this; but he was not *kept to be looked at.* If ever anything on four legs did more to earn his corn, I know nothing of horseflesh: he was eternally going. This was Mytton's great mistake: like the boy and the golden egg, he was never satisfied. Halston is now gone abroad, and I dare say, like many who found this country anything but pleasant, he very little regrets his transportation. Halston, Hedgford, and all his horses were running in 1831, and subsequently in the name of Beardsworth — a person who keeps a Horse Repository at Birmingham: whether they were the property at the time of that individual or not, I have no means of ascertaining; nor is it a question of any import: virtually Mytton had ceased to belong to the Turf.

To the closing scene of his life I had made no allusion, but that the public notice to which it has already been subjected would make my silence on it, perhaps, appear an affectation of delicacy. In the spring of 1831 family affairs caused him to leave Halston, and in the autumn of that year all the stock, furniture, pictures, plate, everything in that place of splendid hospitality and matchless comfort, came to the hammer. For nearly three years preceding his death, he was

"A wanderer from his own good hall!"

and I, *his friend,* am rejoiced that his pilgrimage has terminated. It was, indeed, a sad, a terrible end of all that once bade so fairly for as much of happiness as this transitory scene ever permitted to the most favored; but it is past: and he is where "the weary are at rest!"

Drear and desolate as *that* end was, still was it not without its consolation: one, whose affection I thought could have known no increase, till sorrow and suffering had drawn him still closer to her heart—she, the fond, the doating mother, was there, his "Ministering Angel!" The hands which had rocked his cradle spread and soothed his dying couch! The eyes which had beamed with the radiance of hope on the bright promise of his youth shed their dews of agony upon his blighted manhood, in prison! and in death!!

"Was this not love? Then, if it be not *love*,
Call it idolatry!"

Here, then, our task is ended: he has gone to his account before a Judge, who, in weighing our misdeeds, will place in the balance of his mercy the temptations to which it has been His providence to permit us to be exposed.

"His heart was form'd for virtue, *warp'd* to wrong,
Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long!"

J. W. C.

The funeral of Mr. Mytton took place at Halston on the 9th of April, and "as the cavalcade passed through Shrewsbury, many of the shops were closed, and crowds assembled to take a last look on his bier, and pay the homage of a sigh to the memory of John Mytton."

A hell of a row in a hell. Hytton shows fight.

Pub.d Jan.y 1, 1837, by R. Ackermann, at the New Sporting Magazine Office, 191 Regent Street

THE LATE JOHN MYTTON.

At a time when any incident relating to the late John Mytton is possessed of interest, perhaps the following brief account—although not containing any of those reckless and perilous doings which so characterised that individual—may not prove uninteresting, more especially as the little here related may be relied upon as being authentic.

About nine or ten years ago, Mr. Mytton, while attending the races at Knighton in Radnorshire, where he was running part of his stud, saw and became deeply smitten with the beauty of a young lady from Kington, Herefordshire, who was visiting some friends at Knighton during the races. He made advances, which were indignantly repelled, and on the day following she left for Kington, to which place, nothing daunted by the very cool reception he had in the first instance met with, proceeded John Mytton.

Situated in an arena of hills well cultivated, the town of Kington presents to the eye of the traveller, on his first approach, a charming scene. Unlike the generality of country-towns, with their churches of low square-built towers, Kington's sacred edifice boasts a tall graceful spire, shooting high above the massive trees which cluster round and conceal with their thick foliage the body of the church from view. This first attracts the eye of the spectator on his entering the lovely valley. Anon the town appears, with its houses well and uniformly built, while the suburbs present a chequered scene of mansions and cottages, forests, orchards, and gardens of flowers, while the small but lovely Arrow winds its course playfully amongst them until it is lost in the recesses of a distant wood which skirts the base of the far-stretching Hergest Ridge.

Years ago a large glove manufactory existed here, which has gradually fallen off, and is now all but extinct. Here it was that the never-to-be-forgotten Siddons made her *debut* in a barn, which identical building is now to be seen within a stone's throw of the Talbot Inn; and though at seasons of the year it is used for the purposes for which

it was first destined, it is frequently used by a strolling company of players, who are always well supported. There is a good pack of harriers now kept in the town, and the spirit of the Hunt has of late years been considerably revived.

Within three miles is Eyewood, the seat of the Earl of Oxford, who, for the blandness of his manners and partiality to agriculture, is a great favorite with the farmers around. The Oxford Arms is a large commodious hotel, at which place Mr. Mytton stayed during his sojourn at Kington.

The efforts of Mr. M. to obtain an interview with Miss —— were ineffectual: she secluded herself, never venturing out, and returning all the presents, which were very costly, and all the letters unopened. Rendered desperate by being thus repeatedly foiled, he attempted a rather unceremonious entrance into the house, for which he was summoned and appeared before the magistrates. During the proceedings he shewed the greatest *nonchalance*, not even attempting to extenuate his fault. He was fined rather heavily, and paid the magistrates' clerk with as much indifference as though he were settling a dinner-score with a waiter. In addition to the fine he was bound over to keep the peace.

When it became known that a person of such notoriety was in the town, the hotel was regularly blockaded in the mornings (about the hour he took his drive), to obtain a glimpse of this extraordinary man. He was generally accompanied in his gig by the landlord of the hotel. Previous to starting, when all around were gaping at him as though he had been a being of another world, he would by a manœuvre make the horse (a fine black animal) rear and fight the air with his fore legs, while the back of the gig rested on the ground; then, at a given signal, with the speed of light the horse would bolt off as though a hundred spurs had pierced its sides.

The following anecdote is known but to a few, and, shewing as it does the character of the man, I think it worthy of being made public. One evening Mr. M. was in the company of some tradesmen of the town and a few travelling commercial gents at the Oxford Arms. The subject of conversation turned upon the speed and powers of the horse. One of the representatives of a Manchester House was expatiating rather fluently on the powers of his gigster, a bay mare, and after giving them a long account of her almost incredible performances, he summed up by saying he would back her for fifty pounds against any horse within twenty miles of the place for speed in a long journey. He was evidently unaware that Mr. M. formed one of the company, and was not a little surprised when that gentleman rose and accepted the offer, backing his black horse for the sum specified. The commercial was rather staggered, but, after having been so prolific with his eulogiums on his bay mare, he could not well retract, and the *ponies* were *posted* there and then, the match to come off next day, starting at eight o'clock, no restrictions as to pace, and Hereford, twenty miles distant, to be the *winning post*. The traveller appeared till the very last moment to doubt whether the gentleman would actually contend with him, as the bay mare to all appearances was in much better condition than the black horse.

Anxious that nothing should interfere to prevent the race taking place, the rest of the party kept from the proprietor of the bay nag who the strange gentleman was, as they conjectured, if he became aware of it, he would not have contended with one who surely *would* win, one who *must* win.

Away they started, the bay having the advantage of seven minutes start (by some thought done intentionally on Mytton's part). Those who are acquainted with the habits of Mytton will not be surprised to hear that at the sixth mile the black passed the bay. It was a beautiful day, the roads good, and everything arranged so as there should be no interruption in the course. At Munsell Oak, a public-house on the road side within seven miles of Hereford, the traveller, in whose breast hope had well nigh died away, beheld his opponent leaning on the neck of his horse and regaling himself with a glass of spirits, and apparently very much interested in conversation with the landlord, while two cocks, which were engaged in hostilities close by, seemed to engage their attention. Mytton hailed the appearance of the traveller with a smile, inviting him to a glass of *stuff*. Hope revived in the breast of the commercial, and, like a good tradesman, plied well the whip on the flank of his sweating Rosinante, and off he went at a speed that threatened to reduce the seven miles in as many minutes to half the distance, not staying, even in refusing, to thank Mr. M. for his offer.

He had gained the King's Acre, which reduced the distance to three miles, and though he cast many an anxious glance behind, he saw as yet no Mytton; yet the rustling of the wind amid the trees his fancy would convert into the sound of wheels, making his heart beat as fast as that of the now jaded beast.

Few like to travel in a gig when the speed of the horse is a middling gallop; but fewer there are who like it when the rate is that of a powerful horse at the top of its speed. The mettle of Mytton's black horse was put to the test, and mettle it was. The racer at the top of his gallop, when within twenty yards of the winning post, may alone be compared to the rapidity with which Mytton's gig shot past that of the traveller. Mytton jocularly made some observation when passing, but his opponent could only distinguish the concluding words of the sentence, which was "My Boy."

Suffice to say, Mytton won: his horse had sustained a tremendous pace throughout, and at the end of the journey was anything but cool. The commercial gent spoke ever after of Mytton's horse as a most wonderful animal, and of the driver as a still more wonderful being, declaring, that had he known previously that the strange gent was no other than the well-known Jack Mytton, he would not have attempted the race.

Mr. M. left Kington quite unsuccesful as regards the object which had attracted him thither. Had not something of great importance in his affairs occurred which required his presence at home, it is said that he would have made a much longer stay, so partial was he to that spot, the magnet of attraction being one of its fairest daughters, who, to her great credit, secluded herself while he was in the town.

There are several anecdotes extant in the town about him, but as they border so much on the miraculous, I have not ventured to intro-

duce them here, lest I should be deemed a fictitious narrator, though respectable eye-witnesses have recorded them to me, thereby proving that truth is strange, stranger than fiction.

A KINGTONIAN.

P. S.—It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Mytton was then a married man.

London, May 28, 1838.

"Light come light go".

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN MYTTON, ESQ. OF HALSTON.

BY DASHWOOD.

[The following "Reminiscences" formed part of our Correspondent's concluding Budget of "Hounds and Hunting," intended for last month, and were introduced in the MS. immediately after the account from Sussex; but were obliged to be postponed from the temporary interest of other articles.]

SIR,

MOST truly sorry was I not long since to observe in your Magazine an account of the death of Mr. Carr, so many years the respected Manager of the Brookside Harriers near Lewes, though I believe the dart was kindly shot which put an end to his lingering illness. Little did I think, poor fellow, when last spending a whole morning with him in his kennel, and listening with pleasure to his most sensible, most enthusiastic, and most sportsmanlike remarks, that in scarcely more than one short twelvemonth the *Hic jacet* was to be inscribed upon his tombstone! Yet still less, some few, *very few* years bygone, when parting, as it proved for ever, with that widely and well-known sportsman, Mr. Mytton, and quailing under the strength of his Herculean grasp, could I imagine that the cypress branch was so soon to be the sad ornament of his door-way*, and that the feeble hand he was then wringing in kindness was thus destined to record his death! And that door-way, good God! where was it? Alas! far, far away from his own princely home of hospitality and happiness—from the noble halls of his suicidal splendour, and the wide plains and wild woodlands of his hundred sports—the last days of this distinguished Englishman went prematurely down amidst the gathered clouds of dense adversity, and his last breath was drawn in that impure and choking atmosphere of metropolitan wretchedness,

"Where the low groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
And sorrowing men each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man!"

Though, unlike Philoctetes in his distress, the *συντροφον ομμα* † of maternal affections kept the vigils of his last lorn couch, the very circumstance of the same hand which had rocked the cradle of his infancy amidst the brightest and most sun-gilt anticipations for his manhood, being *there*, self-destined, with all the devotion of a mother's grief and a mother's love, to smooth the pillow of his despair, was, if possible, an aggravation of the scene! Oh! what Highlander, even in the most blinded ages of the despotism of Superstition over implicit Credulity, would have given credence to his Taistate ‡, had he heard him prophesy under the roof of Halston the consummation

* The customary ceremonial amongst the Romans—see *Lucan* and *Horace*. There is also, alas! another one mentioned by Livy, which would in this case be but too painfully applicable, and which I shall not more distinctly allude to.

† See that splendid passage in *Sophocles—Philoct.* l. 174.

‡ The Seer of the Second Sight.

in the King's Bench! Surely none, but he who, after Borodino had been fought and won, could have believed in the prediction of the solitary willows of St. Helena!

We all know that Mr. Mytton inherited a most splendid property; and had he not at so early an age become

"Lord of himself, that heritage of wo,"

the event, which all who knew him are now deploring, would in all probability have been averted for many a year. Had his vast possessions, too, fallen to a youth of more tender frame and delicate constitution, many and many a temptation, of which his means afforded the most unbounded enjoyment, would, with its consequences both to purse and person, have been avoided, or at least less indulged in, and we might still have had amongst us a Monarch, as he at one time was. But Mr. Mytton was cast in an iron mould both of frame and constitution, that not only seemed to bid defiance to every indulgence of dissipation and corporeal exertion, but even to court their extreme excesses, as if to prove its invulnerability. No violence either of intemperance or of exercise appeared to make more impression on the "*robur et æs triplex*" of his adamantine strength, than do the "pale suns" of Zembla on the impassive frostwork of its rocks*; and even Milo, of Crotona, himself might have been considered as almost rivalled in the record of some of the strange performances and exploits of the Squire of Halston. It certainly cannot therefore be matter of much surprise that a man, whose physical powers were thus almost super-human, whose path was so thickly and invitingly strewn with temptations, and whose means of gratifying every wish and whim, either as it arose to himself or was suggested by his associates, were so extensive and so ready to his hand, should neither have imposed any very severe curb upon his passions, nor professed any very stoic determination of rugged abstinence from enjoyment. We accordingly find that he ransacked and exhausted every pastime, and sport, and pleasure of this life—it can scarcely be said, in their respective terms, but revelling in one and all of them almost at the same moment.

In the pursuit of sport his mind seemed as insatiable as his body was incapable of fatigue: the Ring—the Race Course—the Cockpit — the Covert-side — all beheld him at once the little Napoleon, as it were, of their regions. Alas! like that extraordinary man, he too has had not only his Moscow, and his Leipsic, and his Waterloo, but also the dull, though *phrenzied* miseries of his St. Helena, with the concomitant and concluding aggravation, to complete the parallel, of "the jailor" and his discordant key! To revert, however, to brighter times, if there be any one sport pursued in the United Kingdom more essentially English in its character than another, of that John Mytton of Halston was also more essentially the patron and supporter. Let his failings have been what they may, he was in heart and soul a Briton; and, before Heaven, I sincerely believe that every spot on the disk of his career may be

* See the beautiful comparison in Pope's *Temple of Fame*.

traced, partly to the exuberance of his British heart, and partly to the misguidance of those who encouraged when they ought to have frowned; for though mainly, I admit, and in the end a self-sacrifice, I cannot but think he was in no little degree also sacrificed by companions who might have saved him.

Here for one moment let me pause, and say that of those errors *beyond eccentricity*, of which Mr. Mytton was undoubtedly guilty, I will be neither the defender nor the apologist: let that curtain, nevertheless, which the public has no right to raise, remain still strictly drawn over the privacy of his domestic life; and let him who would cast the first stone in condemnation of this splendid, but most unfortunate and most unhappy brother sportsman, pause also, and examine his own breast, and *report truly if he be in reality a better man!*

Mr. Mytton's habits, once fixed, may be easily supposed to have undergone no change of material consequence; but as he grew daily older, the expansion, I might say *the philanthropy*, of his noble heart grew also daily greater, and his hospitality and kindness to all around him must have been experienced to be described. Surely never, in this most selfish world, was there an individual less selfish, or one who, whilst wrapt up in the pursuit of his own pleasures, could be more eager to contribute to the participation in them of others amongst his associates! His purse—his house—his stables—and his kennels (to say nothing of the weighty benefits conferred by his powerful interest and recommendation on many and many an individual, who, if gratitude be not altogether banished from the earth, must long *gratefully* revere his memory)—all, all were open to the demands of his acquaintances, and all in turn, I have reason to believe, were as severely taxed as is now usual amongst mankind.

Oh! well might we exclaim with the Philosopher of old—what wanted all his splendour but endurance? Time, however, rolled on; and alas! Time also brought fast to *him*, as it has brought and is still bringing to others, the wretched consequences of improvidence, in the shape of difficulty and embarrassment; and after that desperate struggle to right the vessel, which might have been expected from a person of his warmth of temperament, the mighty statue reeled, and fell from its pedestal for ever!

Lightly, most lightly, would I pass over the distressing months which witnessed his difficulties, his exile, and his despair: let me say only, that when the last black period arrived, and when in his misery he thought he read inscribed on his prison portal *a farewell to Hope*—he vainly endeavored to quench the darts of remembrance by a still deeper and more deep immersion in that fatal although honeyed lethe, of which with impunity he had drained so many a bowl to its very dregs, but in which also *the deadly archer* was already steeping the shaft which was so soon to fly unerringly to its aim! As the Italian proverb justly says, "*L'arco si rompe, se sta troppo teso;*" and, to use another image, even the British oak of Mytton's constitution, *broadsided* as it had been for a series of years by

the furious assaults of excess and excitement, *and never once hauled into dock to be refitted and recruited*, had begun at last to open its seams to the inflowing element; the "wine and wassail," therefore, of abandoned Hope did rapidly, and perhaps compassionately, their sad office: the "*invicti membra Glyconis*" shrank perceptibly and even daily, and he, who was formed alike for the admiration of man and the love of woman, closed his eyes, at the early age of 38, in an abode whose vulgar miseries I will not attempt to paint, leaving behind him a name, which, *whatever may be now said of it*, he might have transmitted to his successors as one most brilliant on the family records! With what a tearful eye must his Reverend Preceptor, did he see his cold and emaciated remains laid out on his last and miserable couch, have repeated his exclamation*, "Only think, Sir, what the Squire, with his abilities, *might have been*, AND ONLY SEE WHAT HE IS!!"

SIT TIBI TERRA LEVIS!!!

My acquaintance with Mr, Mytton takes its date from either the last days of 1826 or the first of 1827, at which period he was in London, and a good deal about Long's Hotel, whose coffee-room I was then also in the daily habit of frequenting. My first actual introduction to him, however, took place before old Pearce's door at Smitham Bottom, and as the events of the day were rather good than otherwise, I cannot refrain from recording one or two of them. A lot of us were bound from London for Lord Derby's fixture at Caterham Common; and it had been arranged over night that the well-known Matt Stewart, of the Queen's Bays, should take Mr. Mytton and myself to covert in his phaeton, we covenanting to give him, for the "value received" of the cast, the best breakfast (cherry brandy included) that the Red Lion could produce. No Mr. Mytton, nevertheless, made his appearance for a good hour after the appointment for the start; and as we knew that he had *five horses* (I believe of Mr. Tilbury's) stationed that morning *at the fixtures of five different packs* within reach of town, and that a highly important prize-fight was also to come off within twenty miles of Tom Cribb's, we concluded that he had altered his destination, and accordingly made the best of our way without him. A lark, however, against Matt Stewart, on his new chesnut horse, was too tempting to be resisted (it was this, and this alone, which procured for the Noble Earl and his stag-hounds the honor of Mr. Mytton's choice), and just as we had who-whoop'd a capital breakfast, up *whirlwinded* our lost sheep in a cab at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and in a cab, too, of which the owner knew at that moment no more "the whereabout" than if such carriage had never belonged to him. The case, it appeared, stood thus:—Mr. Mytton arrived at Long's at much about the same time that Matt and I were clearing the town of Croydon, and, much to his relief, on finding that we had started without him. At the same moment up drove a Gentleman *(all but a stranger to*

* See *Sporting Magazine* for May 1824, p. 112.

him) in his cabriolet, to ask a question of Sir Godfrey Webster on his road to the prize fight. Allowing, therefore, Mr. —— to go quietly into the house, and abandoning his already meditated invasion of Sir Godfrey's chariot and four, which was in waiting at the Clifford-street entrance to take *him* also to the mill, he at once made prisoners of war of both cab and tiger, and, almost as much to the astonishment of the latter as of the unfortunate black horse between the shafts, proceeded forthwith to Smitham Bottom at about the pace of the Manchester engine that ran over poor Mr. Huskisson. "He'll die by God!.....give me something to drink!" was the first exclamation which I heard escape his lips on pulling up. However, die the poor devil did not, but was next day able to get back to his master's stables; and I am correct, I believe, in adding, that this unceremonious proceeding of helping himself to a lift to covert (so completely in keeping with the lights and shadows of Mr. Mytton's character) was the means of procuring for the Laird of Halston an intimacy with "the damned good fellow," as he used to designate the owner of the cab, which he valued not a little, as did all who possessed a similar advantage. To return however to the Red Lion. Though *we* had breakfasted, the Squire had not; and to my dying day I shall never forget either the meal which he made or the draughts which he swallowed. The vulgar cat-lap of tea or coffee was of course quite out of the question; but, ye Gods! to see him *turn* down the egg-flip—yea, positively *egg-flip* at half-past ten o'clock in the morning!—was a sight that would have astonished even Mr. Beverley, who tells us, in one of his raving and most veracious rhapsodies, that the usual breakfast of Undergraduates *at Cambridge* consists of *cherry-brandy and bottled ale!*

By some piece of great good luck the hounds kept *their* appointment scarcely better than Mr. Mytton had kept *his;* and it was half-past eleven before the first batch of *sportsmen* started off at the haunches of the deer, and at least ten minutes later before Jonathan laid on his most splendid and even *princely* appointed pack, and we were therefore in fair time. For the first half-hour, almost as a matter of course, there was nothing but checking, and swearing, and over-riding; but for more than twenty minutes afterwards the pace became severe, and, my God! how both Mytton and Matt (or rather *Mad)* Stewart kept it up! As for riding to their hounds as ordinary men would endeavour to ride, *that* never for a moment entered into their imagination: the point in pursuit was to pick the largest fences, and as many of them as possible; and I must say that they succeeded to a miracle. To give even the most faint idea, however, of their various antics—their turning away from their hounds, and, like a couple of weathercocks on a windy day, pointing rapidly in succession to every "airt" of the compass, in the laudable hope of pounding each other—utterly defies the pen: suffice it to say, therefore, that a more extraordinary exhibition of nerve and madness was never witnessed, and as our deer was kind enough

to accommodate them by crossing the very severest part of the Surrey Vale (taking in his way all the brooks and boggy bottoms in the neighbourhood of Bletchingly), there was quite enough, in my humble opinion, to do, without larking, to live with the pack for several miles. This I know right well, that it was as much as I could by possibility accomplish, although on a most superior fencer, which I had just purchased from George Orbell of Romford; and to do what they did, *the two desperadoes* must have been mounted on something almost preternatural. As I have already said Mr. Mytton rode a hired horse—a superb-looking brown—belonging, I think, to Mr. Tilbury, and Stewart was on his famous chesnut, which on the same day that I purchased my Gohanna mare he bought also out of Orbell's stables.

Our deer being fairly housed and taken, a kind of *posthumous* flight across the country homewards closed the proceedings of the morning; and after a *quantum sufficit* of hot chops and brandy-and-water (to have seen Mytton's performances on both would have made the hair of *Dandy Dinmont* stand on end), we all started together on our road to a hand-in-pocket dinner at Long's. Believe not, however, most gentle reader, that the White Lions, and King's Heads, and Black Horses of the way-side were "passed unheeded by" in our progress: long and long before the last *doch-an-donoch* left the pewter of the Swan at Stockwell, Mytton, at least, was amply qualified to have given evidence before a Parliamentary Committee as to the respective merits of every porter-brewer in the metropolis; and as our rapid motion through the air (for, when we were moving at all, it was at a devil of a pace) caused of course "a curmurring of the liquids in the stomach," as Sir Walter has it, sundry sedatives were also necessary to keep all quiet, in the shape of purl and peppermint, gin and bitters, *cum multis aliis*. One incident in our progress town-wards I cannot refrain from putting on paper, inasmuch as it shews this extraordinary man in a light in which few have chosen to view him, and speaks forcibly of his sympathy with distress, even in some of his wildest and most unaccountable moments. We had pulled up to hay and water both bipeds and quadrupeds at the Telegraph on Brixton-hill, and before the door of the public-house there was sitting a woman, evidently not a common beggar, though in apparent great distress, surrounded by a groupe of little shirtless and shoeless wretches, the sight of whom, *before a word was spoken*, made an appeal to Mytton's feelings. Causing the woman to come up to the carriage, and changing his tone from the boisterously mirthful key in which he had been convulsing us by his anecdotes, &c. &c. into one of deep and even respectful sympathy, he drew from her in a few sentences her tale of misfortune; and, as he literally had not one farthing remaining in his own pocket, *borrowed a sovereign from me*, and made me present it to her on the spot! Tell me that this shipwrecked man had not a heart? Why, what do *I* happen to know that he offered only a few days after this very occurrence to an

acquaintance—not a friend, but simply *an acquaintance*, then under a cloud? He had himself just raised ten thousand pounds on mortgage (this I know, for my own solicitor raised it for him), and hearing that the individual alluded to was most hardly pushed *for five hundred*, the want of which might operate most prejudicially on his future prospects, he went at once to him *with the bank notes in his hand*, and would have left them with him to be repaid at any time, with or even without the simple security of an I O U, or a note of hand, had not his noble interference been rendered unnecessary by a relation of the party having anticipated him. Nor is this at all a singular anecdote of his career: and could every act of generosity performed by John Mytton be put on paper, the record would form a volume, of which the dimensions would astonish this censorious and calumniating world! Again do I repeat the Roman *formula*, "*Sit tibi terra levis!*"

The closing scene of the first day of my personal acquaintance with this intrepid sportsman consisted of as excellent and jovial a dinner as eight fellows ever sate down to in their lives, but one also, on which I confess I cannot look back without the strongest sensations of emotion and even distress. To think that in the brief space of seven short years, one individual, and one only, of that merry conclave should be left, over whom either "the gardener of the gravestone" had not performed his office, or whom the black ox of fallen fortunes had not visited with his rude assaults, is indeed a reflection that must sober the most mirthful! Yet even thus is it with regard to the party of that memorable evening. Poor Mytton himself, and Ralph Benson of Lutwyche, dead and gone!—Jack Tarleton of Collingwood—Matt Stewart of Lockridge—John Longden of Ashbourne—Jamie Henderson, the ally of Theodore Hook—the pilfered penner of this paragraph—all dispersed before the pitiless pelting of the storm—some into exile, and all in at least discomfort! there remains but the eighth, *My Lord of Birmingham*, as Beardsworth was then jocosely designated, on whom the sunbeams have not ceased to shine!!!

DASHWOOD.

"D—n this hiccup!"

A Monody

ON THE DEATH OF JOHN MYTTON, Esq.

" The earth
Owns no such spirit as his."

MANFRED.

HAST thou e'er trod Italia's classic land?
Paus'd by her temples, e'en in ruins grand?
Mark'd the rude weed's obnoxious shadow thrown
O'er sculptured forms, the gods themselves might own?
Beheld vile reptiles desecrate the shrine
That pious worshippers had deem'd divine?
Heard the loud tempest give its anger tongue
Where once devotion's holy chauntings rung?
Mark'd where the dove once rear'd her peaceful brood
The hungry vulture hold his feast of blood?

If so, what felt ye at this game of fate?
Disgust or pity? fond regret or hate?
There needs no sound to tell thy proud reply,—
Thy soul's indignant answer's in thine eye!
And shall (however beautiful) a stone
Claim from our hearts all sympathy alone?
Shall the unequall'd fabric of a man,
Built upon nature's most exalted plan,
Tho' razed by tempests and by weeds defac'd,
Tho' carrion vultures have the dove displac'd,
Tho' noisome reptiles from their slimy springs
Pollute the heart's most holy, treasur'd, things—
Say, shall we coldly gaze upon this scene,
Nor mourn the loveliness that once has been?
Aye, mourn as man may mourn, but not with tears,
His age of passion thro' a life of years;
Mourn! but no tears—they honour not the grave
Of such as Mytton was, the kind, the brave.
His was a restless soul—too wildly prone
To wear the show of vices not his own,
To mock the love his heart most dearly priz'd,
To scorn the lesson wisdom most advis'd,
And, in the maddening poison of the bowl,
Drown in one mighty draught—heart—health—and soul.
His was the hand most ready to bestow,
The good effected all he ask'd to know;
The friend unchang'd—the foe that scorn'd to sue,
Himself the only victim that he slew.
His vices all deformities of art,
Whilst every virtue centered in his heart.
For such we mourn—and be our grief express'd
By faults forgotten and by good confess'd!

Tom Moody.

DEATH OF JOHN MYTTON, Esq.

THIS gentleman, formerly well known in the sporting world, died in the King's Bench Prison on the 31st of March. He inherited extensive estates in the counties of Salop and Merioneth, in addition to very considerable personal property, and at one time represented the borough of Shrewsbury in Parliament. His life was one continued career of almost unparalleled extravagance and eccentricity, and if faithfully recorded would be equally instructive and amusing. His remains were deposited in the family vault at Halston-chapel, on the 9th ult. and were attended to the grave by a numerous cavalcade, composed of the tenantry and tradesmen of the family, many of the North Shropshire cavalry (of which regiment Mr. Mytton was Major), and the more immediate connexions and friends of the diseased.

BANKER.

Mr. Mytton's.

At Halston, on Tuesday, October the 24th, by Mr. Beardsworth.

Comrade, by Partisan—55gs. to the Hon. and Rev. Noel Hill.

Balloon, by Rainbow—85gs. to Mr. Wilkins, Derby.

Whittington, by Filho da Puta—290gs. to Mr. Crutchington, of Stourton.

Ches. colt, by Sam, dam by Castrel—100gs. to Mr. V. Corbet, Sundorne.

Bowsprit, by Rainbow—55gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Longwaist, by Whalebone—860gs. to Mr. Nowell, Underley Park.

Brown colt, by Bustard, out of Mervinia—100gs.

Louisa, by Orville—85gs. to Mr. Williams.

Brown colt, by Amadis—100gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Oswestry, by Filho da Puta—not brought out for sale.

Euphrates, by Quiz—not brought out for sale.

Flexible, by Whalebone—530gs. to Mr. Lockley.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Bay filly, by Rubens—40gs. to Mr. Nanney.

Harriette Wilson, by Manfred—70gs. to Mr. Lacy, Nottingham.

Bay filly, by Smolensko—36gs. to Mr. Lacy.

Ches. colt, by Magistrate—86gs. to Mr. Nanney.

Lark, by Rubens, out of Stella—200gs. to Mr. Greg.

Bay colt, by Spectre—43gs. to Mr. Wynne, Crickheath.

Brown colt, by Master Henry—380gs. to Mr. Wise.

Mexican, by Manfred—390gs. to Mr. Wise.

Bay colt, by Comus—430gs. to Mr. Gibbins.

Brown colt, by Filho da Puta—370gs. to Mr. Gibbins.

YEARLINGS.

Bay filly, by Rubens or Sasenagh—24gs. to Mr. Greg.

Bay filly, by Master Henry—30gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Bay colt, by Master Henry—45gs.

Brown filly, by Master Henry, out of Circe—60gs. to D. Pugh, Esq. Llanerchydol.

Black filly, by Whalebone or Octavius—65gs.

Bay colt, by Banker—400gs. to Mr. Holmes.

Grey filly, by Skim—230gs. to Mr. Greg.

Brown colt, by Filho da Puta—360gs.

BROOD MARES.

Sybil, by Sorcerer—30gs.

Sister to Comrade—47gs.

Bay mare, by Walton, in foal to

Master Henry—20gs. to Mr. H. B. Breary.

Mare, by Don Cossack—42gs.

Mervinia—80gs.

Mr. Russell's.

At Hardwick, near Sedgefield, November 15, by Mr. Tattersall.

Mustachio, by Whisker, 5 yrs old—520gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Abron, by Whisker, 6 yrs old—450gs. to Lord Darlington.

Dauntless, by Whalebone, 4 yrs old—bought in at 230gs.

THREE-YEAR-OLDS.

Chesnut filly, by Amadis—43gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Numskull, by X Y Z—38gs. to Mr. Ridsdale.

Hardwick, by Orville—bought in at 30gs.

Bay colt, by Cervantes—bought in at 30gs.

TWO-YEAR-OLDS.

Chesnut colt, by Abjer, winner of the Tyro Stakes at Newcastle—35gs. to Lord Londonderry.

Bay colt, by Grey Walton—31gs. to Mr. Coyton.

Bay colt, by Prime Minister—bought in at 30gs.

YEARLINGS.

Grey colt, by Jonathan—320gs. to Lord Darlington.

Chesnut colt, by Comus—300gs. to Lord Darlington.

Grey colt, by Viscount—300gs. to Colonel Broadhead.

Grey colt, by Abjer—200gs. to Mr. Powlett.

Grey filly, by Blacklock—bought in at 110gs.

Brown colt, by Abjer—15gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Grey filly, by Viscount—Miss Gayton—bought in at 10gs.

FOAL.

Grey colt, by Remembrancer, out of Miss Gayton—bought in at 59gs.

BROOD MARES.

Sister to Sultan, by Selim, stinted to Whisker or Lottery—230gs. to Mr. Payne.

Dick Andrews mare, out of Desdemona, by Sir Peter, stinted to Whisker—150gs. to Mr. Payne.

Delpini mare, dam by Beningbrough, stinted to Whisker—bought in at 90gs.

Shuttle mare, dam Hopeful, by Sir Peter, stinted to Whisker—bought in at 90gs.

Filho da Puta mare, dam by Precipitate, stinted to Waverley—40gs. to Mr. Dickinson.

Miss Gayton, by Lop, dam by Highflyer, stinted to Werner—bought in at 15gs.

HALF-BRED.

Pecunia, winner of several half-bred Stakes—150gs. to Sir C. Mostyn.

Leporello, bought in at 90gs.

Queen of Diamonds, 4 yrs old—bought in at 59gs.

Chesnut colt, by Catton, dam by Hambletonian, 2 yrs old—35gs. to Mr. Crofton.

Bay filly, by Ardrossan, 3 yrs old—30gs. to Mr. Fawcett.

Bay filly, by Mozart, 2 yrs old—19gs. to Mr. Furness.

YEARLINGS.

Bay colt, by Werner—20gs. to Mr. Hall.

Ches. filly, by Viscount—18gs. to Lord Londonderry.

Brown colt, by Werner—16gs. to Mr. Wheatley.

STALLIONS.

Dr. Johnson, by Walton, rising 5 yrs old—105gs. to Major Healey.

Werner, thorough-bred—bought in at 49gs.

Mr. F. Mills and Mr. Payne have purchased of Mr. Dilly Belzoni, by Blacklock.

FLEXIBLE.

by M. A. Pittman [illegible] London April 1 1829

FLEXIBLE then became the property of J. Mytton, Esq. for 800gs.; and at Shrewsbury, Sept. 21, at 8st. 4lb. (rode by T. Whitehouse), he won the St. Leger Stakes of 25 sovs. each, with 20 added, for three-year-olds, once round and a distance, beating Sir W. Wynne's Signorina, 8st. 2lb.; Mr. Mytton's Ludford, 8st. 4lb.; Sir T. Stanley's Dr. Faustus, 8st. 4lb.; and Lord Grosvenor's Achilles, 8st. 1lb. who threw his rider.

At Oswestry, September 27, at 7st. 10lb. (rode by H. Arthur), he won 50l. for three and four-year-olds, two-mile heats, beating Mr. O. Gore's Rapid, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.; Lord Grosvenor's Despatch, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb.; and Mr. Thompson's Dorcas, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb.

At Holywell Hunt, October 18, at 7st. 7lb. (rode by A. Pavis), he won a Handicap Stakes of 20 sovs. each, h. ft. with 50 added, three miles (five subscribers), beating Sir W. W. Wynn's br. colt by Rubens, out of Madam Presle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb.; and Lord Grosvenor's Hybla, 4 yrs old, 8st.

On the 20th, same place, he, giving his year, beat again Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. by Rubens, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. each, Mostyn Mile, 100 sovs.—Five to 4 agst Flexible.

This was an untoward event in FLEXIBLE's racing life; for, in the following year, when four years old, he was made to suffer for his contempt of high weights.

1826.—In the Great Gloucestershire Stakes, he gave to Cain 9lb. and to Burgundy 8lb. (all three 4 yrs old), and was beaten with great difficulty.

At the same Meeting, July 21, FLEXIBLE, 8st. 5lb. (rode by T. Whitehouse), won the Sherborne Handicap Stakes of five sovs. each, with 30 added, St. Leger Course (nine subscribers), beating Mr. O. Gore's Vitula, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Griffith's Harry, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb.; Mr. Jones's Lydia, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb.; Mr. Mockford's Velasquez, 4 yrs old, 6st. 9lb.; and Mr. Stevens's b. f. by Cannon Ball, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb.

FLEXIBLE was second to Grenadier for the Tradesmen's Cup at Wolverhampton (August 14), handicap, taking for his year only 4lb.

On the next day, August 15, at 8st. 2lb. (rode by H. Arthur), he won the Darlington Cup, value 100 sovs. added to a Subscription of 10 sovs. each, three miles (seven subscribers), beating Mr. Geary's Arachne, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.; and Mr. Mytton's Longwaist, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb.

He was immediately afterwards saddled for a small Handicap, giving to Borysthenes, 5 yrs old, no less than 13lb. *and his year, heats!* In this race he received an injury from which he did not speedily recover, and was, after another trial, withdrawn from the turf.

FLEXIBLE ran well on many other occasions, and was always remarkable for his hard unflinching honesty, which may in some degree be owing to an amazing strength of loin, hock, and quarter, his short joint, and just proportion, added to the finest possible temper. His height is $15\frac{1}{2}$ hands.

He is now a stallion at Bromfield, near Ludlow Race Course, the property of Mr. Bach, who has refused heavy sums for him.